

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1863.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 1, 1855. WHOLE NUMBER THREE, 1863.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, \$2.00
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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

"OH, YET WE TRUST."

BY ALFRED TENNISON.

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pang of nature, sin of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood;
That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;
That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold! we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—on us, to all—
And every winter change to Spring.
So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night—
An infant crying for the light—
And with no language but a cry.

SQUIRE TREVLIN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VERNE'S PRIDE,"
"EAST LYNNE," "THE CHAMBERLAIN," ETC.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

CHAPTER XL.

AN ILLEGITIMATE CHASTISEMENT.

It was growing dusk when Rupert stood in the rick-yard, talking to Jim Sanders. Mr. Jim had stolen up to the Hold on a little private matter of his own, but never mind that now. Rupert had just been paying a visit to his pony in the stable, to see that it was alive after the exercise the young ladies had given it; not a little by all accounts; Amelia said to Rupert that they had pretty nearly "rode its tail off." The nearest way from the stables to the front of the house was through the rick-yard, and Rupert was returning from his visit of inspection when he came upon Jim Sanders, leaning his back against a hay-rick. In his arms was a little brown puppy, very, very young, as might be known by the faint squeaks it made.

"Hollo, Jim! Is that you?" exclaimed Rupert, having some trouble to discern who it was in the fading light. "What have you got speaking there?"

Jim displayed the little animal.

"He's only a few days old, sir," said he, "but he's a fine fellow. Just look at his ears!"

"How am I to look?" rejoined Rupert. "It's nearly pitch dark."

"Stop a bit," said Jim. He produced a sort of torch from underneath his smock frock, and by some contrivance set it alight. The wood blazed away, sending up its flame in the yard, but they advanced into the wide open space, away from the ricks and from danger. These torches, cut from a peculiar wood, were common enough in the neighborhood, and were found very useful on a dark night by those who had to go about any job of out-door work. They gave the light of ten candles, and were not liable to be extinguished with every breath of wind. Dangerous things for a rick-yard, you will say, but they had moved away from it to the rick-yard space.



THROWING UP EARTHWORKS FOR THE DEFENCE OF HARRISBURG, PA.—FROM THE N. Y. ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

The puppy lay in Rupert's arms now, and he took the torch in his hand, while he examined it. But not a minute had they thus stood, when some one came upon them with hasty steps. It was Mr. Chattaway. He had no doubt just returned from Blackstone, and was going in-doors after leaving his horse in the stable. Jim Sanders disappeared, but Rupert stood his ground, the lighted torch still in his hand, the puppy lying in the other.

"What are you doing here?" angrily demanded Mr. Chattaway.

"Not much," said Rupert. "I was only looking at this little puppy," showing it to Mr. Chattaway.

The puppy did not concern Mr. Chattaway. It could not work him treason, and Rupert was at liberty to look at it if he chose; but Mr. Chattaway would not let the opportunity slip of questioning him on another matter. It was the first time they had met, remember, since that little episode which had so disturbed Mr. Chattaway in the morning—the finding of Rupert's boots.

"Pray where did you spend last evening?" he began.

"At the parsonage," freely answered Rupert; and Mr. Chattaway detected, or fancied he detected, a tone of defiant independence in the tone, which alone, to his ears, must speak of treason. "It was the last evening of Mr. Daw's stay there, and he asked me to spend it with him."

Mr. Chattaway saw no way of entering an opposition to this; he could not abuse him for taking tea at the parsonage; he could not well forbid it to him.

"What time did you come home?" he continued.

"It was eleven o'clock," avowed Rupert.

"I went with Mr. Daw to the station to see him off, and the train was hours behind its time. I thought it was coming up every minute, or I'd not have stayed."

Mr. Chattaway had known as much before. "How did you get in?" he asked.

Rupert hesitated for a moment before speaking.

"I was let in."

"I conclude you were. By whom?"

"I'd rather not tell, if you please."

"But I choose that you shall tell."

"No," said Rupert. "I can't tell that, Mr. Chattaway."

"But I insist on your telling," thundered Mr. Chattaway. "I order you to tell."

He lifted his riding-whip, which was in his hand, menacingly as he spoke; but Rupert stood his ground fearlessly, the expression of his face showing only calm and firm, as the torchlight fell upon it.

"Do you defy me, Rupert Trevlyn?"

"I don't wish to defy you, sir, but it is quite impossible that I can tell you who it was that let me in last night. It would not be fair, or honorable."

His refusal may have looked like defiance to Mr. Chattaway, but in point of fact it was dictated by a far different feeling—regard for his kind Aunt Edith. Had any one else in the Hold admitted him, he might have confessed to it, under Mr. Chattaway's stern command; but he would have died, rather than bring her whom he so loved into trouble with her husband.

"Once more, sir, I ask you—will you tell me?"

"No, I will not," answered Rupert, with that quiet determination which imparts its own firmness worse than any bravado. Better for him that he had told! Better even for Mrs. Chattaway.

Mr. Chattaway caught Rupert by the shoulder, lifted his whip, and struck him—struck him not once, but several times. The last stroke caught him in the face and raised a thick weal across it; and then Mr. Chattaway, his work done, walked quickly away towards his house, never speaking, the whip resting quietly in his hand.

Alas, for the Trevlyn temper! Maddened by the outrage, smarting under the pain, the unhappy Rupert lost all self-command. Passion had never overcome him as it overcame him now. He knew not what he did; he was at once insane; in fact, he was insane for the time being—irresponsible (may it not be said?) for his actions. With a yell of rage he picked up the torch, then blazing on the ground, dashed into the rick-yard like one possessed, and thrust the torch into the nearest rick. Then, leaping the opposite palings of the yard, he tore away across the fields.

Jim Sanders had been a witness to this; and to describe Jim's consternation would be beyond any pen. He had stood in the obscurity, out of reach of Mr. Chattaway's eyes, and had heard and seen all. Snatching the torch out of the rick—for the force with which Rupert had driven it in kept it there—Jim pulled out with his hands the few bits of hay already ignited, stamped on them, and believed the danger to be over. Next, he began to look for his puppy.

"Mr. Rupert can't have took it off with him," soliloquised he, pacing the rick-yard dubiously with his torch, his eyes and ears alive on the alert. "He couldn't jump over them palings with that puppy in his arms. It's a wonder that a delicate one like him could jump 'em at all, and come over 'em clean."

Mr. Jim Sanders was right; it was a wonder, for the palings were high. But it is known how strong madmen are, and I have told you that Rupert was one then.

Jim's search was interrupted by fresh footsteps, and Bridget, the maid you saw in the morning talking to Mr. Chattaway, accosted him. She was a cousin of Jim's, three or four years older than himself; but Jim was uncommonly fond of her, in a ras-

tic fashion, deeming the difference of age nothing, and was always finding his way to the Hold with some mark of good will.

"Now, then! what do you want to-night?" cried she, for it was the pleasure of her life to snub him and domineer over him. "Hatch comes in just now, and says, says he, 'Jim Sanders is in the rick-yard a-waiting for you.' I'll make you know better, young Jim, than to send me in them messages afore a kitchen-full."

"I've brought you a little present, Bridget," answered Jim, deprecatingly. "It's the beautifullest puppy you ever see—if you'll only accept of him; as black and shiny as a lump of coal. Leastways, I had brought him," he added, in a rueful accent. "But he's gone, and I can't find him."

Bridget had a weakness for puppies—as was known to Jim; consequently, the concluding part of his information was not palatable to her. She attacked him in regard to it.

"You have brought me the beautifullest puppy I ever see—and you have lost him and can't find him! What d'ye mean by that, young Jim? Can't you speak sense, as a body may understand?"

Jim supposed he had worded his communication imperfectly. "There have been a row here," he exclaimed, "and it frightened me so much that I dun know what I be saying. The master, he took his riding-whip to Mr. Rupert, and horsewhipped him."

"The master?" uttered the girl. "What! Mr. Chattaway?"

"He come through the yard when I was with Mr. Rupert a-showing him the puppy, and they had some words, and the master he horsewhipped him. I stood round the corner of the pales, frightened to death a'most for fear Chattaway should see me. And Mr. Rupert, he must have dropped the puppy somewhere, but I can't find him."

"Where is he? How did it end?"

"He dashed into the yard and across to them palings, and he leaped 'em clean," responded Jim. "And he'd not have cleared 'em, Bridget, if he'd had the puppy in his arms, so I know it must be about somewhere. And he a'most set that there rick a-fire first, the boy added, lowering his voice to a whisper, and pointing in the direction of the particular rick, from which they had strayed some distance in Jim's search. "I pretty nigh dropped when I saw it crack alight."

Bridget felt awed, startled, but yet uncertain.

"How could he set a rick a-fire, stupid?" she cried.

"With the torch. I had lighted it to show him the puppy, and he had got it in his hand; he had it in his hand when Chattaway began to horsewhip him, but he dropped it then; and when Chattaway went away,

Mr. Rupert picked it up and pushed it into the rick."

"I don't like to hear this," said the girl with a shiver. "Suppose the rick-yard had been set a-fire! Which rick was it? It mayn't—"

"Just hush a minute, Bridget!" suddenly interrupted Jim. "There he is!"

"There's who?" asked she, peering around her in the growing darkness of the night. "Not master?"

"Law, Bridget! I meant the puppy.—Can't you hear him? Them squeaks is his."

Guided towards the sound, Jim at length found the poor little animal. It was lying close to the spot where Rupert had leaped the palings. The boy took it up, fondling it almost as a mother would have done.

"See his pretty glossy skin, Bridget! Just feel how sleek it is! He'll lap milk out of a saucer now; I tried him afore I brought him out; and if you—"

A scream from Bridget intervened.—Jim seemed to come in for nothing but shocks to his nerves this evening, and he almost dropped the puppy again. For it was a loud, shrill, prolonged scream, one carrying a strange amount of terror to the ear, as it went booming forth in the still night air.

Meanwhile Mr. Chattaway had entered his house. Some of the children who were in the drawing-room heard him come in, and went forth to the hall to welcome him after his long day's absence. But they were startled by the pallor of his countenance; it looked perfectly livid as the light of the hall lamp fell upon it. Mr. Chattaway could not inflict such a chastisement on Rupert without its emotional effects telling temporarily upon himself. He took off his hat and laid his whip upon the table.

"We thought you would be home before this, papa."

"Where's your mamma?" he rejoined, paying no heed to their remark.

"She is up stairs in her sitting room."

Mr. Chattaway turned to the staircase and ascended. Mrs. Chattaway was not in her room; but the sound of voices in Miss Diana's guided him to where he should find her. This sitting room, devoted exclusively to Miss Diana Trevlyn, was on the side of the house next the rick-yard and farm buildings, which is overlooked.

The apartment was almost in darkness; the fire in the grate had gone dim, and neither lamp nor candles had been lighted.—Mrs. Chattaway and Miss Diana sat there conversing together.

"Who is this?" cried the former, looking round. "Oh, is it you, James? I did not know you were home. What a nice day you have had for Whittierby!"

"Did you buy the stock you thought of buying?" asked Miss Diana.

"I bought some," he said, rather sulkily. "Prison was high to-day." "You are home late," she remarked. "I came home by Blackstone."

It was evident by his tone of manner that he was in one of his best good-humors. Both the ladies knew from experience that the whole plan at those times was to leave him to himself, and they resumed their own conversation.

Mr. Chattaway stood with his back to them, his hands in his pockets, his eyes peering out into the dusky night. Not in reality looking at anything, or seeking to look; he was by far too deeply buried in his thoughts to pay attention to outward things.

He was beginning very slightly to repent of the horsewhipping, to doubt whether it might not have been more prudent had he abstained from inflicting it. As do many more of us, when we awake to reflection after some act committed in passion. If Rupert were to be executed; if, in connection with others, was hatching treason, this outrage would only make of him a more bitter enemy. Better, perhaps, not to have gone to the extremity.

But it was done; it could not be undone; and to regret it were worse than useless.—Mrs. Chattaway began thinking of the point which had led to it—the refusal of Rupert to say who had admitted him. This at least Mr. Chattaway determined to ascertain.

"Did either of you let in Rupert last night?" he suddenly inquired, looking round.

"No, we did not," promptly replied Miss Diana, answering for Mrs. Chattaway as well as herself, which she believed she was perfectly safe in doing. "He was not in until eleven, I hear; we went up to bed long before that."

"Then who did let him in?" exclaimed Chattaway.

"One of the servants, of course," rejoined Miss Diana.

"But they say they did not," he answered.

"Have you asked them all?"

No. Mr. Chattaway remembered that he had not asked them all, and he came to the conclusion that one of them must have been the culprit. He turned to the window again, standing sulkily as before, and raving in his own mind that the offender, whether man or woman, should be turned summarily out of the Hold.

"If you have been to Blackstone you have heard that the inquest is over, James," observed Mrs. Chattaway, anxious to turn the conversation from the subject of the last night. "Did you hear the verdict?"

"I heard it," he growled.

"It is not an agreeable verdict, Chattaway," remarked Miss Diana. "Better that you had made these improvements in the mine—as I urged upon you long ago—than wait to be forced to do it."

"I am not forced yet," retorted Chattaway. "They must—Hullo! What's that?"

His sudden exclamation called them both to the window. A bright light, a blaze, was shooting up into the sky.

"The rick-yard is on fire!" shrieked Miss Diana Trevlyn.

"The what?" gasped Chattaway, staring as one paralyzed.

"The rick yard," she repeated. "Don't you see? That is one of the ricks blazing."

And Mr. Chattaway, as the conviction of the truth flashed upon him, burst forth into something like a yell. And a shrill scream, which seemed to come from the outside, from the rick-yard, echoed it.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE ASCENDING BLAZE.

There is a terror which, coming on suddenly, shakes the equanimity of the mind to its very foundation—and that terror fell upon Trevlyn Hold. At the dusk he lurked in the night—for it was not yet quite dark—his inmates were sitting mostly in idleness; the servants were gossiping quietly in the kitchen; the young ladies lingering desultorily over the fire in the drawing-room, when those awful sounds of fear, bringing faintness to the very heart, interrupted them—the cry of their father in the room above; the echoing cry, shrill and prolonged, from some spot outside the house. With a simultaneous movement all flew to the open space of the hall only to see Mr. Chattaway leap down the stairs, his wife and Miss Diana following him.

"Oh, papa! what is it? What is the matter?"

"The rick-yard is on fire!"

It is a fact, and a fact of no small importance, that the State of Pennsylvania has been the theatre of a series of events which have done more to advance the cause of the Union than any other State in the Union. It is a fact, and a fact of no small importance, that the State of Pennsylvania has been the theatre of a series of events which have done more to advance the cause of the Union than any other State in the Union.

First, then, we remind the reader that Pennsylvania was once in possession of a splendid body of troops, organized for her special protection. That body is known to history by its brilliant fighting in almost every battle in Virginia since Bull Run, as the "Pennsylvania Reserves." It was organized strictly for state defense, and at state expense. It was the offspring of the sagacious foresight and the munificent liberality of this Commonwealth. At the first call for men to defend the National Capital her teeming valleys overflowed with volunteers, and the reserves were equipped into a military organization, armed, equipped and maintained out of her own treasury. Then she was capable of doing more than she had ever done before. But when McDowell's army was overthrown and almost annihilated at Bull Run, and the national authorities called for instant help to save the capital, Pennsylvania contributed her only state corps to the defense of the nation, for the whole war. Fifteen thousand nine hundred men, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, as magnificent a division of disciplined soldiers and fighting men as this nation ever saw, marched at once to Washington and saved it and the honor of the country, in that dark hour. But Pennsylvania, in doing this, stripped herself bare, so far as the state defense was concerned, for she had not then, and has not possessed since, any other local military organization. Her legislators, by their criminal neglect, have left her without a military system, by which she can command the service of a single organized brigade. That is her misfortune, not her fault. In these two facts, the want of a militia system, and her contribution to the national service for the whole war, of her splendid and powerful corps of state "Reserves," will be found the explanation of much of that which the New York and Boston journals are pleased to call the apathy of her "Dutch farmers." We indulge the hope that some of the newspapers who dwell largely in the ungenerous strictures to which we refer, will make a note of these remarks.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

THE GRAVE OF BUNYAN.

The grave of Bunyan is thus described by a correspondent of the Watchman and Recorder:—

"Bunyan lies in Bunhill Fields, a cemetery crowded with graves and thick with monuments and slabs. Asking a lad whom I met if he could point me to Bunyan's grave:—

"Yes," said he, "there he lies, covered with a sheet."

"Taking the direction pointed out, I soon stood by the grave and the monument of the imitable allegorist. And there indeed he did lie, wrapped in a cloak, with a book under his arm, sleeping and dreaming—beneath a white marble on the slab which covers his grave. On the monument is this simple but sufficient inscription:

"JOHN BUNYAN,

The author of Pilgrim's Progress."

"On one side, chiselled in the stone, is Pilgrim, with his burden, leaning on his staff, with a countenance of deepest anguish. On the opposite side is Pilgrim grasping the cross, his eyes gazing on it, his burden rolled off at his feet, and his countenance radiant with peace and joy."

RETURNS OF INCOME.

Persons who are making up the returns of their income for the assessors, are not obliged to return to the assessor the several sources of their income as indicated on the forms which have been distributed. These forms are intended to aid the individual in determining the tax for which he is liable, and the details need not be returned to the assessor at all, but only the gross amount, as indicated on page four of the printed form. This decision of the Commissioner will commend itself to the good judgment and approval of all who have the honor of receiving one of the assessor's blanks.

UNDERSTANDING THE NOTES.—It is said that when Dr. Thomas Scott, the commentator, published an edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," with explanatory notes appended, he presented a copy to a pious and worthy couple in his parish, whose whole stock of literature was such as they had acquired from the perusal of the Bible. Of calling upon them some time after, he naturally inquired how they liked the book? Their reply was that they were delighted with it, and understood it all perfectly, except the notes.

It is stated that fresh water salmon are caught at Ellsworth, Me. It is said that they went up the Union River, on which Ellsworth is situated, many years ago, before the mills and the dams were built, remained there, could not get back, and concluded to stay and multiply.

We lately met a grammarian, says a California paper, who has just made a tour through the mines, conjecturing, or rather cogitating thus:—"Positive, mine; comparative miser; superlative minus!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Broads of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

While we are in the custom of stopping the papers of all Club subscribers to THE POST at the expiration of the term for which they have paid, we have not been in the habit of doing so with all our two-dollar subscribers, especially those who have been on our books for a number of years.

We would beg these latter, however, to remember that the price of paper being so high, is an additional reason why they should forward their yearly subscriptions promptly. As yet we have made no advance in the price to single subscribers, though the cost of paper is double what it was, and far in excess of the advance in prices we have already made.

We trust therefore that all our subscribers who are in arrears will forward their subscriptions at once, and if they procure for us an additional subscriber or two, we shall esteem it as a favor.

THE MILITIA.

As we may yet have to depend a great deal upon raw troops for the defence of Pennsylvania, it is proper that we should have a correct idea of what raw troops can do. We therefore call attention to the following article from the Inquirer of this city:—

We hear in these times a great deal of underrating of the militia, as unreliable against veteran troops, and men are disposed to think it useless to trust our safety to such a force. But it seems to be forgotten that these militia are now upon the soil of their own state, fighting in defence of all that we hold dear, and those who would not stand firm at such a time and under such circumstances, could not be trusted anywhere. It is this which has given strength to the southern armies. They have been called into the field to defend their homes against invasion, and we know to our cost how well they fight, with such a spirit animating them. Whenever they have tried their hands at invading loyal states, they have been defeated and driven back. They failed thus at Antietam, and South Mountain, and Perryville, and Mill Spring, and other places.

It is a strange statement, but one which comes to us from many sources, that both at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville the raw troops showed themselves as good soldiers as the veterans, and some of them much better. The great Napoleon never hesitated a moment to trust his fortunes to his raw troops, and his famous letter to Augereau, which has been often quoted in the course of this war, shows conclusively that raw soldiers may easily be made heroes if their general be of the right sort of stuff.

General Grant and Pemberton were some years ago both Lieutenants in the regular army, and were stationed at Detroit.

They sat out to the right-hand, a terrified company. Little Miss Chatway, a stout, round, red-faced, and her hair bound in a bun, and her hands clasped in prayer, and her eyes fixed on the ground. One voice was heard in the confusion above all the rest—that of Miss Diana Trevlyn.

"Who has done this? I must have been purposely set on fire."

She turned sharply on the group of servants as she spoke, as if expecting one of them. The Misses fell on their knees, and they recoiled visibly; not from any sense of guilt, but from the general sense of fear which lay upon all. One of the grooves spoke impulsively.

"I heard voices not a minute ago in the kitchen," he cried. "I'll swear I heard 'em. I was going across the top shelf to fetch a bucket of water from the pump for the stables, and I heard 'em talking. One was a woman's. I am a light, too."

The women-servants were huddling together, staring helplessly at the Misses. Miss Diana directed their attention particularly to them; she had a ready perception, a keen sight, and she detected signs of terror so unmistakable in the face of one, that she could not help drawing a rapid conclusion. It was not the expression of general alarm, of surprise, or doubt depicted on the countenance of the rest; but an apprehensive, lively, conscious terror; and the girl was evidently endeavoring to draw behind, out of the sight of Miss Diana.

Miss Diana laid her hand upon her. It was Bridget, the kitchen maid.

"You know something of this!"

Bridget burst into tears. A more complete picture of helplessness than she presented at that moment could not well be drawn. Her face was white, her teeth chattered, her whole frame shivered from head to foot. In her apron, held up as it seemed unconsciously, was something hidden.

"What have you got there?" sharply questioned Miss Diana, whose thoughts may have flown to tow and matches, and other incendiary adjuncts.

Bridget, unable to speak for sobs, turned down the apron and disclosed a little black puppy, which, as if seeking to be displayed to general gaze, began to squeak. There was nothing very guilty in him; but Bridget's sobs redoubled.

"Were you in the kitchen?" questioned Miss Diana; "was it your voice that Sam heard?" And Bridget was too terribly frightened to deny it.

"Then pray, what were you doing? What brought you in the kitchen at all?"

But Mrs. Chattaway, timid Mrs. Chattaway, who was trembling almost as much as Bridget, but who had compassion for everybody in distress, spoke up to the rescue.

"Don't, Diana," she said. "I am sure Bridget is too good and honest a girl to have taken part in a dreadful thing such as this. The rick may have got heated and taken fire spontaneously."

"No, madam, I'd die before I'd do such a thing," sobbed Bridget, in answer to the kindness. "If I was in the kitchen, I wasn't doing no harm—and I'm sure I'd rather have went a hundred miles the other way if I'd thought what was going to happen. I turned as sick as a dog with fright when I saw the flames burst out."

"Was it you who screamed?" inquired Miss Diana.

"I did scream, ma'am. I couldn't help it."

"Diana," whispered Mrs. Chattaway, "you may see she's innocent."

"Yes, most likely; but there's something behind for all that," replied Miss Diana, aloud, in her decisive tone. "Bridget, I mean to come to the bottom of this business, and the sooner you explain it, the less trouble you'll be at. I ask what took you to the kitchen?"

"It wasn't no harm, ma'am, as Madam says," sobbed Bridget, evidently very unwilling to enter on the explanation. "Oh, ma'am! I never did no harm in going there, nor thought none."

"Then it is the more easily told," responded Miss Diana. "Do you hear me, girl? What business took you to the kitchen, and who were you talking with?"

There appeared to be no help for it; Bridget had felt there would not be from the first; she should have to confess to her rustic admirer's stolen visit. And Bridget, while liking him in her heart, was intensely ashamed of him, from his being so much younger than herself.

"Ma'am, I only came into it for a minute, to speak to a young boy, my cousin, Jim Sanders. Hatch, he came into the kitchen and said young Jim wanted to see me, and I came out. That's all—if it was the last word I had to speak," she added, with a burst of grief.

"And Jim Sanders? What did he want with you?" pursued Miss Diana, with uncompromising sternness.

"It was to show me this little puppy," returned Bridget, not choosing to confess that the small animal was brought as a present. "Jim seemed proud of it, he did, ma'am, and he brought it up for me to see."

A very innocent confession; plausible, also; and Miss Diana saw no cause to disbelieve it. But she was one who liked to be on the safe side, and when corroborative testimony was to be had to a fact, she did not allow it to escape her. "One of you said Hatch," she said, addressing the

Hatch was found with the men, servants and laborers, who were frantically running over to their eager employers to carry water to the rick, under the frantic hail of pelted directions of their master. Hatch's smooth-front was already wrinkling with, through the spotting over him of a bucket, while he was stooping for something at the pump. He came up to Miss Diana, squeezing it out of his hair.

"Did you go into the kitchen and tell Bridget that Jim Sanders wanted her in the kitchen?" she questioned.

I think it has been mentioned once before that this man, Hatch, was too honest or too simple to answer anything but the straightforward truth. He replied that he did so; that he had been called to by Jim Sanders as he was passing along the rickled off part at the top of the rick-yard near the stables, who asked him to go to the house and send out Bridget.

"Did he say what he wanted with her?" continued Miss Diana.

"Not to me," replied Hatch. "It ain't nothing new for that there boy to come up and ask for Bridget, ma'am," he continued. "He's always coming up for her, Jim is. They be cousins."

A well-meant, good-natured speech, no doubt, on Hatch's part, but Bridget would have liked to box his ears for it there and then. Miss Diana, liberal minded, sufficiently large-hearted, saw no reason to object to Mr. Jim's visits, provided they were paid at proper times and seasons, when the girl was not at her work.

"Was anybody with Jim Sanders?" she asked.

"Not as I saw, ma'am. As I was coming back after telling Bridget, I see Jim waiting there, all by himself. He—"

"How could you see him? Was it not too dark?" interrupted Miss Diana.

"Not then. Bridget, she kept him waiting ever so long afore she come out. Jim must have been a good half hour altogether in the yard; 'twere that, I know, from the time he called to me till the blaze burst out. But Jim might have went away afore that," added Hatch, reflectively.

"That's all, Hatch; make you haste back again," said Miss Diana. "Now, Bridget," she resumed, "was Jim Sanders in the yard when the flames burst out, or was he not?"

"Yes, ma'am, he was there."

"Then if any suspicious characters got into the kitchen and did the mischief, he would no doubt have seen them," thought Miss Diana, to herself. "Do you know who did set it on fire?" she imperatively asked.

Bridget's face, which had regained some what of its color, grew white again—white as the apron she wore. Should she dare to tell what she had heard about Rupert? "I did not see it done," she gasped.

"Come, Bridget, this will not do," cried Miss Diana, noting the signs. "There's more behind, I see. Where's Jim Sanders?"

She looked around as she spoke—looked into the obscurity, into the light and shade cast by the flames. Jim was certainly not in sight.

"Do you know where he is?" she sharply resumed to Bridget.

But instead of answering, Bridget's teeth were taken with a fresh fit of chattering. It amazed Miss Diana considerably.

"Did Jim do it?" she sharply asked.

"No, no," answered Bridget, bursting into fresh tears. "When I got to Jim he had somehow lost the puppy"—glancing down at her apron—"and we had to look about for it. It was only just in the minute he found it that the flames broke forth. Jim, he was ashawing of it to me, ma'am, and he started like anything when I shrieked out."

"Could he not see them as well as you?" cried Miss Diana.

"He had got his back to 'em, and I had got my face," answered Bridget.

"And where is Jim Sanders? What has become of him?"

"I don't know," sobbed Bridget.

"Nonsense! you must know," objected Miss Diana.

"No, ma'am, I don't," she reiterated. "Jim, he seemed like one dazed when he turned and saw the blaze. He stood a minute looking at it, and I could see his face turn all of a fright; the blaze made it light enough to see anything; and then he flung the puppy into my arms and scrambled off over the pailings, never speaking a word."

Miss Diana paused. There was something suspicious in Jim's making off in the clandestine manner described; but on the other hand she had known Jim from his infancy—known him to be of a harmless, inoffensive nature.

"An honest lad would have remained to see what assistance he could render towards putting it out, not have run off in that cowardly way," spoke Miss Diana. "Bridget, girl, I don't like the look of this."

Bridget made no reply, save by her tears. She was beginning to wish the ground would open and swallow her up for a convenient half hour; she wished Jim Sanders had been actually buried in it before he had brought this trouble upon her. Miss Diana, Madam, and the young ladies were surrounding her; the maid servants began to edge away from her suspiciously; even Miss Edith had ceased her sobs and her hysterics to stare at Bridget.

Cris Chattaway came leaping past them. Cris, who had been leisurely making his

way to the field—very soon he is seen when the flames broke out—running up, and after a short entrance, he is seen running to the kitchen.

"You are the fastest footwork in the city," Mr. Chattaway had said to him. "Get the engines here from Barnester." And Cris was hastening to mount a horse, and ride away on the errand.

Mrs. Chattaway caught his arm as he passed.

"Oh, Cris, this is dreadful! What can have been the cause of it?"

"What?" returned Cris, in a savage tone—not, however, meant for his mother, but induced by the subject. "Don't you know what caused it? He ought to swing for it, the felon!"

Mrs. Chattaway was surprised. She connected his words with what she had just been listening to.

"Cris!—do you mean? It never could have been Jim Sanders!"

"Jim Sanders?" slightly spoke Cris. "What should have put Jim Sanders in your head, mother! No; it was your favored nephew, Rupert Trevlyn!"

Mrs. Chattaway broke out into a cry as the words left his lips. Maude started a step forward, her face full of indignant protestation; and Miss Diana immediately demanded what he meant.

"Don't stop me," said Cris. "Rupert Trevlyn was in the yard with a torch just before it broke out, and he must have fired it."

"It can't be, Cris!" wailed Mrs. Chattaway, her accent one of intense pain, and she laid hold of her son as he was speeding away. "Who says this?"

Cris twisted himself from her.

"I can't stop, mother, I say; I am going for the engines. You had better ask my father; it was he told me. It's true enough; who would do it, except Rupert?"

The shaft lanced at Rupert struck to the heart of Mrs. Chattaway; it struck unpleasantly on the ear of Miss Diana Trevlyn; it did not sound agreeably to some of the women servants; Rupert was liked in the household, Cris hated. One of the latter spoke up in his zeal.

"It's well, it is, to try to throw it off the shoulders of that Jim Sanders, on to Mr. Rupert! Jim Sanders!"

"And what have you got to say again Jim Sanders?" interrupted Bridget, aroused by the insinuation—fearful, it may be, of a danger that the crime should be fastened on him.

"Perhaps if I had spoke my mind, I could have told as it was Mr. Rupert as well as others could; perhaps Jim Sanders could have told it, too. At any rate, it wasn't—"

"What is that, Bridget?"

The quiet but most imperative interruption came from Miss Diana. Bridget fell on her knees; excitement was overpowering her.

"It was Mr. Rupert, ma'am; it was; Jim saw him fire it."

"Diana! Diana! I feel ill," gasped Mrs. Chattaway, in a faint tone. "Let me go to him; I cannot breathe under this suspense."

She meant to her husband. Pressing across the confused and crowded rick yard—for people, aroused by the sight of the flames, were coming up now in numbers—she succeeded in gaining Mr. Chattaway. Maude, scared nearly unto death, followed her closely, holding her skirts. She caught hold of him just as he had taken a bucket of water to hand on to some one standing next him in the line, thereby causing him to spill it. Mr. Chattaway turned round with a passionately angry word.

"What do you want here?" he roughly asked, although he saw it was his wife.

"James, tell me," she pleadingly whispered. "I felt sick with the suspense; I could not wait. What did Cris mean by saying it was Rupert?"

"It was Rupert," answered Mr. Chattaway. "There's not a shade of doubt that it was Rupert. He has done it in revenge."

"Revenge for what?" she asked.

"For the horsewhipping I gave him. When I joined you upstairs just now, I came straight from it. I horsewhipped him kindly; here, in this very spot," continued Mr. Chattaway, as if it afforded him satisfaction to repeat his avowal of the fact. "He had a torch with him, and I—like a fool—left it with him, never thinking of consequences, or that he might use it to become a felon. He must have fired the rick in revenge."

Mrs. Chattaway had been gradually drawing away from the proximity of the blaze, from the line formed to pass buckets of water on to the flames, which crackled and roared on high, from the crowd and confusion that prevailed around the spot. Mr. Chattaway had drawn with her, leaving his place in the line to be filled up by another. She fell against a distant rick, feeling sick unto death.

"Oh, James! Why did you horsewhip him? What had he done?"

"I horsewhipped him for insolence; for bearing me to my face. I bade him tell me who let him in last night when he returned home, and he set me at defiance by refusing to tell. One of my servants must be a traitor and Rupert is screening him."

A great cry escaped her.

"Oh, what have you done? It was I who let him in."

"You?" roared Mr. Chattaway. "It is not true," he added, the next moment.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

Women's Pennsylvania Branch,
1207 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

THE GENERAL AND THE PRIVATE.

Last winter the wife of one of our Philadelphia Generals, who was with her husband in camp, paid daily visits to his division hospital. She brought to her husband's attention the needs of his men, and he was prompt to send to Washington for such articles of comfort as could not be obtained nearer. Among these cases which especially interested her was that of a young private in a New Jersey Regiment, about sixteen years of age, who was lying very low with typhoid fever, and who, but for a woman's presence and attention, might never have been restored to health again. The young lad appreciated the cooling drinks and kind nursing, and became devotedly attached to the General's wife. She returned to her home previous to the battle, scarce expecting ever to hear from her charge again. But after the battle of Chancellorsville, this humane General visited his hospital to look after his wounded men, and was greeted by the bright face of the lad, who lay on his back in his cot, as he said:—

"Oh, General! how glad I am to see you again!"

"Why are you here?" answered the General; "how came that about?"

"I went into the fight, General, and I lost one of my legs; but that is nothing now that you are here. Why, we thought we had lost you at one time."

It is any wonder that at such a manifestation of self-forgetfulness and heroism, the General was obliged to turn away his head to conceal his emotion? Brave as a lion, collected under all circumstances, singularly reticent, he was not equal to that emergency—for there was a little tremulousness in his voice as he told the lad that he would provide for him one of Palmer's best legs as soon as he was able to wear it. Gen. Birney will not thank us for this notice, for he is not an ostentatious man; but the spirit manifested, creditable alike to the General and the private, should be recorded for others to emulate; and to stimulate the women of the country to work arduous and late for the comfort of our brave soldiers. Only those who have visited the field hospitals can testify to the destitution that too often exists there.

At this hour the women of Philadelphia have an urgent call made upon them. The comforts and luxuries that they provide may minister to the necessities of their own husbands, sons or brothers. Yesterday demands were made upon the Women's Pennsylvania Branch of the United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1207 Chestnut Street, for medicines, stimulants, nourishing food, &c., &c., to be sent without delay to the border. Special agents have already been dispatched by them.—Philadelphia Inquirer, June 19th.

We must not omit to record a pleasing incident of the last week. As a regiment, on its way to Harrisburg, for the defense of the State, passed the rooms of the Women's Pennsylvania Branch, enthusiastic cheers were given by them for the women of the United States Sanitary Commission. This token of appreciation was very pleasant to the ladies who were at the rooms; some of whom had already sent their sons to the border—boys of 16 or 18, who had never known a hardship. Is it any wonder that the mothers who held the fluttering handkerchiefs, turning their faces aside to wipe away the flowing tears?

We copy a portion of a letter written by Mrs. J. E. Colt, of Milwaukee, sent to us by a friend in Michigan. Her appeal to the women of Wisconsin answers equally well for the women of every State. The letter was written after a visit paid by her to every post, regiment and field hospital in and near Murfreesboro.

"The great difficulty now to our surgeons and with our men is home sickness—medicines are then useless. If the men are not all heroes, let the women try to be all heroines! And let me beg every woman to write to the soldiers cheerfully, encouragingly and heroically, or not at all. If they knew the effect of their letters of condolence and complaint they would be more careful. A soldier came to me in Nashville, choking with emotion, his wife very sick and he unable to go to her. I promised to write and have her cared for, and it was only by reiterated promises that the letter should be sent at once that he was soothed and dried his tears. As soon as my letter reached Wisconsin she was perfectly well, and no doubt sorry she had written while feeling ill and lonely. I was surprised that letters from home sometimes pass instead of cure."

"Women of Wisconsin! Our country, bleeding at every pore, needs her soldiers, and needs them to be brave and cheerful, and we look to you to keep them so. It is better than any labor of love you can do. If you must grieve, keep it to your sons and husbands; it is an unwomanly way, and unworthy our country's noble daughters. And let me assure you, that inevitable as are the horrors of war, everything is done by our Government for the wants of her soldiers—and when she, from her ponderous machinery works slowly, the U. S. Sanitary Commission, with its quick messengers of mercy, is always ready; and our own state, with her peculiar tenderness for her men, stands by to sympathize, to help, but I trust never to weaken."

We have been applied to for recipes for condensed milk and concentrated meat; but upon inquiry we find that it is a great waste of time and material to prepare either, excepting in those establishments where professional workmen are employed for the purpose.

The Juvenile Societies will doubtless respond to the request for slippers, and if they can provide stout leather soles to each pair, it will render their contributions much more serviceable. Of edibles now most needed, we would place butter and eggs foremost on the list. A few pounds of fresh butter care-

fully added up in a tin can, would be a gift precious as gold to a concentrated soldier, and many a household could send him in this form, though the might not be able to spare enough to fill a bag or a skin. Such cans, whatever the contents, should be marked plainly with black paint, and every bottle sent to the army labeled distinctly, and the label posted on each thoroughly dried before packing.—Cleveland Herald.

CANT SWAMPED, ON STONE RIVER, TEXAS, April 30th, 1863.

DEAR SIR: Having had some practical acquaintance with the working of the Western Branch of the Sanitary Commission for nearly twenty months, I deem it my duty, as a surgeon in the army, to express the high appreciation I feel of the efficient benevolence of your organization.

I was, I confess, considerably prejudiced against the operation of the Commission at the start. In the autumn of 1861, the approach of cold weather, coupled with the fact that my supply of bed clothing was entirely inadequate, to keep my sick comfortable, led me to look around anxiously for the means to meet the emergency. Government supplies were not available. At this time your Commission, co-operating with the good ladies of our state, stepped in and supplied the want which Government, with the immense demand on its energies and resources, had not been able to meet. Our shivering sick were made comfortable, and I was relieved of a heavy care. I have never ceased to be grateful. This spring when scurvy appeared in our commands, your Commission furnished us the first and most efficient means for combating it: fresh vegetables. Government is doing its best now but red tape tangles the feet of benevolence.

The many home comforts which through you have so promptly reached the sick and wounded in the field, and which could not have been otherwise supplied, have made us feel that patriotic benevolence is a power in the land, and the Sanitary Commission its legitimate mode of expression in the army. You have encountered immense obstacles in your progress, and nobly surmounted them. Much benevolent, self-denying contribution, doubtless has been wasted in the commencement, owing to want of knowledge of what was most needed, and the best way to apply the money. Still, it may have been unprofitably spent by unprincipled persons. But I think the instances are much more rare than has been imagined.

Our profession has been much slandered in the army. Mean, unprincipled men, do sometimes get into our hospitals as patients. When their appetites are held in restraint by the judicious surgeon, he is often doubtless maliciously charged with using for himself what he prevents them from unlawfully or selfishly consuming. In the providence of God, good and evil seem to go side by side, that mankind may see and learn the beauty of the one and the hideousness of the other. Your Commission, noble and pure as are its objects and aims, seems to be no exception to this general law. History will mark the advent of your organization as an epoch marking the advance of mankind to a higher civilization, and coming generations will call you blessed.

It is the first systematic organized national effort, by voluntary agencies and contributions, to mitigate the horrors of war, that the world has ever witnessed. A nation with such an interior life cannot be destroyed. The world cannot do it. God, the infinitely just and loving, will protect such a people.

Go on then in your good work. The time will come when those who have refused to assist, will be ashamed to have it known that they stood aloof. The self-denying contributors to the relief of the brave defenders of the nation's life will enjoy abundant recompense in the approbation of the good, and the consciousness of having acted in harmony with the noblest impulse of humanity.

Respectfully yours, &c.,
Surg. 37th Ill. and Brig. Surg.
3rd Div. 20th Army Corps.

DONATIONS.

CALEB COPE, TREASURER OF THE United States Sanitary Commission, Northeast corner of MINOR and SIXTH streets, acknowledges the receipt of the following contributions since the last report:	
W. A. Blanchard (additional)	\$10 00
Commercial Bank (additional)	100 00
From a "Friend"—left at the depository	100 00
Bank of the Northern Liberties (ad'nal)	50 00
Montrose Soldiers' Aid Society	50 00
Charles D. McKee, M. D.	50 00
Bank of the Northern Liberties (ad'nal)	100 00
Girard Bank (additional)	100 00
Bender, Delany & Adamson (second contribution)	100 00
Mrs. Ann Hertzog (additional)	100 00
Mrs. William T. 100 00	
Mrs. William Slaymaker	2 00
Previously reported	\$718 00
	\$71,165 31
Total	\$71,883 31

PHILADELPHIA, June 29, 1863.
The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1207 Chestnut street, acknowledge also the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

- Towels, Miss E. W. Biddle.
- 1 outfit from a deceased soldier, named Mary Wharton, through Mrs. P. Doxer.
- Needle cases, Women's Contributing Aid, Moyamensing, E. H. Haven.
- Clothing, Mrs. Warner Johnson's Sewing Circle, School Lane.
- Needle cases, James's Church, through Miss Greene, 826 Walnut.
- Clothing, Aid Society, Church of Epiphany.
- 1 box, Crown street Hospital, Mrs. S. A. Cochran.
- 1 box, Soldiers' Aid, Stroudsburg, Monroe county, A. M. Stokes, Sec'y.
- Pillows, Trinity Church, Oxford, Miss A. Buchanan, Sec'y.
- 1 box, Ladies' Aid, Montrose, Miss E. C. Blackman.
- Handkerchiefs, old muslin, a Friend.
- 1 box clothing, etc., Mrs. B. H. Moore.
- Clothing, etc., Mrs. G. C. Francis.
- Clothing, 6 barrels potatoes, Aid Society, Wellboro, Tioga county.
- 1 box clothing, etc., boys and girls, Wellboro, Tioga county.
- 1 box clothing, etc., 2 barrels potatoes, Aid Society, Charleston, Tioga county.
- 1 barrel eggs, 2 kegs pickles, jellies, Patriot Daughters of Little, F. W. Christ.

- 1 box, Ladies of Ghent, Stroudsburg, Monroe county, Delaware, Calvary Church, Philadelphia, etc., Mrs. J. Vaughan, Montclair, Berks county.
- Clothing, etc., Mrs. Frances M. Holly, N. J.
- Clothing, 1 barrel dried fruit, Ladies' Aid, Millville, N. J.
- 1 box, Mrs. J. L. & A. Ashmun, Sec'y.
- Old linen, Mrs. Toy.
- 8 barrels tin cans, Episcopal Hospital.
- Linen, etc., Sewing Relief Association, First Presbyterian Church.
- 1 box, lemon, 1 barrel crackers, etc., Mrs. J. R. Budd, Spruce street.
- Reading matter, a little boy.
- 1 package, Miss Widdifield.
- Spirits, etc., Young Ladies Miss Smith's School.
- 1 box, Mrs. C. C. Cox, Phila.
- 1 package, Mrs. Lether.
- Silks, Miss Baumgarten, Phila.
- 1 package, Prof. R. C. Booth.
- 1 package, Soldiers' Aid Society, Church of St. Peter, & H. Goddard.
- 1 package, Mrs. Hull.
- 2 packages, St. Luke's Auxiliary, Mrs. I. James.
- 1 box, 1 barrel, Kennett Aid Society.
- 3 boxes, Ladies' Aid, Fortville.
- 1 box, 1 barrel, Fortville, Mrs. Dr. Scott, Cor. 5th St.

AMUSING EXTRACTS

From Washington Irving's Letters.

These letters strongly exhibit the many pleasing traits of his character—his love of retirement and shrinking from public honors; his deep affection for his family, and love of home—"dear little Sonny," his generosity and warm attachment to his friends, and his quiet, genial humor. As a specimen of his whimsical humor, take the following most curiously original benediction. It is in reply to information that one of his friends had submitted to a surgical operation, which had ended favorably:—

God bless those surgeons and dentists! May their good deeds be returned upon them a thousandfold! May they have the felicity, in the next world, to have successful operations performed upon them to all eternity!

In a diplomatic despatch to Mr. Webster, speaking of the frequent changes in the Spanish Cabinet, amounting in the Department of State "to two and a half ministers per annum," Mr. Irving remarks:—

It gives a startling idea of the interruptions to which an extended negotiation with this government must be subject.

This consumption of Ministers is appalling. To carry on a negotiation with such transient functionaries, is like bargaining at the window of a railroad car; before you can get a reply to a proposition, the other party is out of sight.

But perhaps the following incident best displays the genial nature of the man, and the manner in which he made friends wherever he went. He is steaming from Barcelona to Marseilles, and writing to his sister, says:—

On board the steamer we have a joyous party of Catalans, gentlemen and ladies, who are bound to St. Filian, a town on the coast, where there is to be held some annual fête. They have all the gaiety and animation which distinguish the people of these provinces.

While I am writing at a table in the cabin, I am sensible of the power of a pair of splendid Spanish eyes which are occasionally flashing upon me, and which almost seem to throw a light upon the paper. Since I cannot break the spell, I will describe the owner of them. She is a young married lady, about four or five and twenty, middle sized, finely modelled, a Grecian outline of face, a complexion sallow, yet beautiful, raven black hair, eyes dark, large, and beaming, softened by long eyelashes, lips full and rosy red, yet finely chiselled, and teeth of dazzling whiteness. She is dressed in black, as if in mourning; on one hand is a black glove; the other hand, ungloved, is small, exquisitely formed, with taper fingers and blue veins. She has just put it up to adjust her clustering black locks. I never saw female hand more exquisite. Really, if I were a young man I should not be able to draw the portrait of this beautiful creature so calmly.

I was interrupted in my letter writing, by an observation of the lady whom I was describing. She had caught my eye occasionally, as if glanced from my letter toward her. "Really, Señor," said she, at length, with a smile, "one would think you were a painter, taking my likeness." I could not resist the impulse. "Indeed," said I, "I am taking it; I am writing to a friend the other side of the world, discussing things that are passing before me, and I could not help noting down one of the best specimens of the country that I had met with." A little bantering look passed between the young lady, her husband and myself, which ended in my reading off, as well as I could in Spanish, the description I had just written down. It occasioned a world of merriment, and was taken in excellent part. The lady's cheek, for once, mantled with the rose. She laughed, shook her head, and said I was a very faithful portrait painter; and the husband declared that, if I would stop at St. Filian, all the ladies in the place would crowd to me to have their portraits taken—my pictures were so flattering. I have just parted with them. The steamship stopped in the open sea, just in front of the little bay of St. Filian; boats came off from the shore for the party. I helped the beautiful original of the portrait into the boat, and promised her and her husband, if ever I should come to St. Filian, I would pay them a visit. The last I noticed of her, was a Spanish farewell of her beautiful white hand, and the gleam of her dazzling teeth as she smiled again. So there's a very tolerable touch of romance for a gentleman of my years.

LONG STAGE ROUTE.—The longest stage-route in the world is the one between Atchison, in Kansas, and Placerville, in California—1,915 miles. The fare is \$200—10¢ cents a mile. Ben. Hilday is sub-contractor from Atchison to Salt Lake City, and Louis M'Lean from that point to Placerville. The service employs 200 stages, and over 3,000 horses and mules, besides a legion of superintendents, division agents, station keepers and messengers.

A HIPPOPOTAMUS CHASE IN DETROIT RIVER.

The hippopotamus, which is on exhibition with a circus travelling west, has enjoyed the luxury of a swim in the Detroit river. From the Detroit Free Press of Tuesday we select the following account of the novel sight:

It seems that in the transit of the circus now performing here from Buffalo to this city, it became necessary to send the elephants and the hippopotamus on a propeller, and they were accordingly shipped on board the S. D. Caldwell. On Monday afternoon as the steamer was nearing this port, a scene of great excitement occurred, which nearly resulted in the escape of the huge beak-mouth or hippopotamus, belonging to G. O. Quick, Esq., and at present forming one of the attractions of R. F. Bailey's quadruple circus.

The large beast was shipped from Buffalo on board the steamer, and as it was impossible to get his immense cage on board, that was sent by land while his Bohemianship, accompanied by all the Egyptians, his capter and keeper, proceeded by water to Detroit. During the voyage it was noticed that the animal continually looked longingly toward the water, as though he would have given one of his eye teeth for a plunge into the depths of the lake and ramble about its unexplored bottom. No one supposed however that he would yield to his amphibious tastes, and so no extra watch was set upon him.

As the steamer neared the city, and when about three miles below the fort, a crash and then a splash were heard from the side of the bow toward the American shore. Everybody rushed to the spot. The place where the hippopotamus had been confined was empty. The beast, no longer able to resist the temptation, had burst his bonds and plunged into the river, resolved on an aquatic excursion.

The owner, who was on board, looked the picture of despair. Forty thousand dollars, to say nothing of a large amount of prospective profits, had suddenly vanished. As for All, the Egyptian keeper, he was nearly frantic. In a few moments, however, the monstrous head of the huge beast appeared above the surface of the water. A great shout arose, and All was with great difficulty prevented from jumping overboard in pursuit of his companion and beloved pet, while a boat was lowered into which he jumped and rowed towards the beast, who swam about in an ecstasy of delight.

As the Egyptian commenced calling him by familiar names, at the sound of his voice the monster stopped, looked around, and seemed to wait for the boat to near him, but just as it appeared within reaching distance the hippopotamus gave a plunge and once more disappeared, leaving a whirlpool of seething water to mark the spot where he had gone down. Nothing was now seen of him for a long time, and they were about giving him up for lost, when he suddenly made his appearance about one hundred yards off, but nearer the shore than at first. All again rowed towards him, calling him as before, but again the beast dodged him, and dove to the bottom of the river. All now made a large circuit with his boat, in hopes of taking him by surprise, as he came up to breathe, but, as if aware of his intentions, the hippopotamus rose at a long distance off and looked at his master cunningly and with an expression which seemed to say, "No you don't."

For the third time All started in pursuit with a result similar to that which had attended his other attempts to recapture his pet. When he went down the third time All passed, evidently completely nonplussed, and seemingly overcome by grief and despair. In a second, however, he seized the oars and rowed towards the steamer. "Try to do it," he shouted as he came alongside; "git me do it!" A large black mastiff, which has been trained to sleep in the cage of the hippopotamus, and for whom he has for a long time evinced much affection, had been keeping up a continued howling from the time his companion had escaped, was now loosened, and he instantly plunged into the river, and swam after All as he moved off. In about a minute the hippopotamus again stuck his huge head out of the water, and on seeing him, the dog gave a wild bark, and swam in his direction very rapidly. All accompanying him in the boat. At least the dog reached the monster, and with a series of barks, commenced swimming round the animal, and finally struck out for the shore, the hippopotamus following.

The interest excited by this scene was intense, which continued to increase until the dog and hippopotamus reached the American shore in safety. All was not long after, and the animal was no sooner on terra firma than the Egyptian, armed with a small rawhide, which he had taken with him, jumped on the beach, and going to the animal, spoke a few words in the Egyptian tongue, gave him a few smart cuts over his ponderous rump with the rawhide, and drove him without further difficulty to a place of safety, where he was at once secured and the proper means adopted to have him brought to this city, where he now is, in fine condition after his frolic beneath the waves.

An Irishman says he can see no earthly reason why women should not be allowed to become medical men.

AN OLD-FASHIONED WOMAN.

In 1777, when the British General Burgoyne, with his army, was marching from Canada along the western boundary of Vermont, a woman whose husband was in the American army, set out for the grist-mill, accompanied with her horse, which carried the grist on his back. The road which she travelled was lonely, being nearly all the way through thick woods. It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon when she left home, and as she had been there many times before in the afternoon, she thought she had sufficient time to carry out her plans successfully. She was well aware that if any obstacle should arise to impede her progress, and to detain her till dark, she might meet with trouble. Unfortunately, when she arrived at the mill, a distance of about four miles from home, she found that she would be obliged to wait an hour and a half for her grist. At first she thought she would remain without it; but a second thought told her that if she did this, her children would have to go without their supper. Finally she made up her mind to run the risk of being overhauled by wild beasts. Leaving the mill as soon as her grist was ready, she proceeded on her homeward voyage as rapidly as possible, lest night should overtake her before she got half way to her destination. Distant howlings in the wilderness told her that she had not passed unobserved. They continued to grow nearer. She used every means to urge her horse along with speed. The drove of wolves at the head of her horse were every few minutes receiving additional reinforcement along the path. Things were coming to a crisis; she saw plainly that in all probability she could not reach her home before she and her horse would be overwhelmed, and fall a sacrifice to the wolves. But just then she thought of a motive which might save her own life by leaving the horse and grist of corn to its own fate. But she found this was her last chance. She accordingly steered her horse under some trees whose branches came so near the ground, that by rising from the gallop she could reach them, and at a full gallop the horse turned under them, and she by a dexterous leap, succeeded in catching hold of a branch, and climbed up into the tree, while the horse, with the remainder of it, was off, closely pursued by the wolves. The poor horse, relieved of a part of his load, reached home. The gallant woman remained in the tree until all was quiet; the wolves not seeing her when she came down, and gained her home safe about an hour after the horse.

In Peru the question is popped in the following romantic manner:—The suitor appears on the appointed evening, with a gayly-dressed troubadour, under the balcony of his beloved. The singer steps before her flower-bedecked window, and sings her beauties in the name of her lover. He compares her size to that of a palm tree, her lips to two blushing rose-buds, and her womanly form to that of the dove. With assumed harshness the lady asks the lover:—"Who are you, and what do you want?" He answers, with ardent confidence—"The dove I do adore! The stars live in the harmony of love, and why should not we, too, love each other?" Then the proud beauty gives herself away; she takes her flower-wreath from her hair, and throws it down to her lover promising to be his forever.

There is no accounting for the obliquities of temper; all we can do is to curb our own, and bear with that of others.

Spurgeon, the eminent Baptist clergyman of London, has published five hundred sermons. Of these sermons eight million copies are in circulation. One wealthy gentleman, a zealous friend of Spurgeon, has alone circulated each year over a quarter of a million in copies. Since he has been pastor, Spurgeon has baptized three thousand persons.

A singular circumstance occurred at Avon, New York, recently. A Mrs. Baker was in her garden when suddenly she heard a buzzing in the air, and upon looking up saw a swarm of bees coming directly towards her. She stood still, and the whole swarm alighted on her sun-bonnet. With due presence of mind Mrs. B. removed the bonnet and placed it on a stick, took them to a hive and secured them without assistance.

The poet's or the conqueror's wreath is poor compared with that made for us by the encircling arms of those we love, and especially of those who love us.

In a case which came before the House of Lords on the 21st ult., the will of Richard I. was produced in evidence, and it was stated to contain the king's known autograph of any of the kings of England. The royal signature was a cross, followed by the words "Le Roy."

THE REBEL FLAG.—The Rebel Congress at their last session adopted a new, and certainly a very handsome flag—a white, circular, with a bright red union, the latter crossed diagonally with blue stripes, with white stars on the stripes. The law directed that it should be adopted on the first of July, and then hoisted for the first time on all her ships and forts. The Avants, however, in honor of what she thought was to be a certain capture of the Wechsawken and Napoleon in triumph, but instead of its contributing to that in triumph, it was hoisted down in defeat. The fate of the flag, on this its first display in action, is a bad omen for its future success.

LATEST NEWS.

BATTLE NEAR GETTYSBURG.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, July 5, 1863.—The following is a summary of the battle of Gettysburg, as reported by the Rebels. Lee's first wing, consisting of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 156th, 157th, 158th, 159th, 160th, 161st, 162nd, 163rd, 164th, 165th, 166th, 167th, 168th, 169th, 170th, 171st, 172nd, 173rd, 174th, 175th, 176th, 177th, 178th, 179th, 180th, 181st, 182nd, 183rd, 184th, 185th, 186th, 187th, 188th, 189th, 190th, 191st, 192nd, 193rd, 194th, 195th, 196th, 197th, 198th, 199th, 200th, 201st, 202nd, 203rd, 204th, 205th, 206th, 207th, 208th, 209th, 210th, 211th, 212th, 213th, 214th, 215th, 216th, 217th, 218th, 219th, 220th, 221st, 222nd, 223rd, 224th, 225th, 226th, 227th, 228th, 229th, 230th, 231st, 232nd, 233rd, 234th, 235th, 236th, 237th, 238th, 239th, 240th, 241st, 242nd, 243rd, 244th, 245th, 246th, 247th, 248th, 249th, 250th, 251st, 252nd, 253rd, 254th, 255th, 256th, 257th, 258th, 259th, 260th, 261st, 262nd, 263rd, 264th, 265th, 266th, 267th, 268th, 269th, 270th, 271st, 272nd, 273rd, 274th, 275th, 276th, 277th, 278th, 279th, 280th, 281st, 282nd, 283rd, 284th, 285th, 286th, 287th, 288th, 289th, 290th, 291st, 292nd, 293rd, 294th, 295th, 296th, 297th, 298th, 299th, 300th, 301st, 302nd, 303rd, 304th, 305th, 306th, 307th, 308th, 309th, 310th, 311th, 312th, 313th, 314th, 315th, 316th, 317th, 318th, 319th, 320th, 321st, 322nd, 323rd, 324th, 325th, 326th, 327th, 328th, 329th, 330th, 331st, 332nd, 333rd, 334th, 335th, 336th, 337th, 338th, 339th, 340th, 341st, 342nd, 343rd, 344th, 345th, 346th, 347th, 348th, 349th, 350th, 351st, 352nd, 353rd, 354th, 355th, 356th, 357th, 358th, 359th, 360th, 361st, 362nd, 363rd, 364th, 365th, 366th, 367th, 368th, 369th, 370th, 371st, 372nd, 373rd, 374th, 375th, 376th, 377th, 378th, 379th, 380th, 381st, 382nd, 383rd, 384th, 385th, 386th, 387th, 388th, 389th, 390th, 391st, 392nd, 393rd, 394th, 395th, 396th, 397th, 398th, 399th, 400th, 401st, 402nd, 403rd, 404th, 405th, 406th, 407th, 408th, 409th, 410th, 411th, 412th, 413th, 414th, 415th, 416th, 417th, 418th, 419th, 420th, 421st, 422nd, 423rd, 424th, 425th, 426th, 427th, 428th, 429th, 430th, 431st, 432nd, 433rd, 434th, 435th, 436th, 437th, 438th, 439th, 440th, 441st, 442nd, 443rd, 444th, 445th, 446th, 447th, 448th, 449th, 450th, 451st, 452nd, 453rd, 454th, 455th, 456th, 457th, 458th, 459th, 460th, 461st, 462nd, 463rd, 464th, 465th, 466th, 467th, 468th, 469th, 470th, 471st, 472nd, 473rd, 474th, 475th, 476th, 477th, 478th, 479th, 480th, 481st, 482nd, 483rd, 484th, 485th, 486th, 487th, 488th, 489th, 490th, 491st, 492nd, 493rd, 494th, 495th, 496th, 497th, 498th, 499th, 500th, 501st, 502nd, 503rd, 504th, 505th, 506th, 507th, 508th, 509th, 510th, 511th, 512th, 513th, 514th, 515th, 516th, 517th, 518th, 519th, 520th, 521st, 522nd, 523rd, 524th, 525th, 526th, 527th, 528th, 529th, 530th, 531st, 532nd, 533rd, 534th, 535th, 536th, 537th, 538th, 539th, 540th, 541st, 542nd, 543rd, 544th, 545th, 546th, 547th, 548th, 549th, 550th, 551st, 552nd, 553rd, 554th, 555th, 556th, 557th, 558th, 559th, 560th, 561st, 562nd, 563rd, 564th, 565th, 566th, 567th, 568th, 569th, 570th, 571st, 572nd, 573rd, 574th, 575th, 576th, 577th, 578th, 579th, 580th, 581st, 582nd, 583rd, 584th, 585th, 586th, 587th, 588th, 589th, 590th, 591st, 592nd, 593rd, 594th, 595th, 596th, 597th, 598th, 599th, 600th, 601st, 602nd, 603rd, 604th, 605th, 606th, 607th, 608th, 609th, 610th, 611th, 612th, 613th, 614th, 615th, 616th, 617th, 618th, 619th, 620th, 621st, 62

CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI.

With a two weeks holiday in view before returning to the drudgery of my father's office, and with a purse not badly supplied, I set out on my tour, determined to enjoy myself after my own free and independent fashion; and to thoroughly explore the romantic country I had chosen as the scene of my wanderings, which was at that time little better than a *terra incognita* to the ordinary run of tourists, who firmly believed they had seen everything that was worth seeing after staying for a few hours in each of the principal towns, and viewing the immediate country from the top of a coach, or the windows of a post-chaise. For my part, I discarded all guide-books and road maps; and never knew, when I set out in a morning, what spot would be my resting-place at night. I delighted in cross roads, and country lanes, &c. &c. sharp tracks among the hills; any rough or bye-way that led from the dusty promiscuous high-road had allurements for me that I could rarely resist. I had some leading this pleasant sort of life for some of my lifetime, gradually working my way to the southward towards the sea, when

We found ourselves in a room of considerable size, poorly furnished with a few chairs, and two tables of the commonest kind, but looking cheerful just then in the light of the large fire burning in a grate at one end of the room. Jacoby drew a chair up to the fire with an air of enjoyment, and revered himself of his box, placing it close by his side where he could keep a half-eye constantly upon it, requesting me at the same time to order what I pleased for supper. The landlord had disappeared into an inner room or kitchen, from which there now issued, in answer to my summons, a tall, yellow-boned mulatto woman, attired in a check cotton gown, and having a red kerchief bound round her head. This apparition was so unexpected, and seemed to me so ludicrous and out of place in a lonely Cornish inn, that I could not help bursting into an irrepressible fit of laughter as the woman stepped forward into the room; but the dark rowl that chased away the good-natured grin with which she had just greeted me, warned me not to carry my amusement too far. On strict inquiry, the capabilities of the house revolved themselves into an unlimited supply of eggs and bacon, so we

"Just as you like, *mein Knabe*; just as you like. This drink which I have here is very good, but I suppose I've had enough of it."

The landlord set to work with alacrity, and in a few minutes produced an excellent cup of coffee, such, certainly, as I had never tasted before. Immediately after the coffee was ready, the little clock in the corner struck ten, and on hearing it, both Jacoby and I arose, and asked to be shown to our rooms, for we had the prospect of a long tramp before us next day. The mulatto woman and the young savage had retired some time before; so the landlord in person lighted our candles, and ushered us up the creaky stairs, on the top of which we found ourselves in a gloomy corridor, lighted from the roof, having doors opening out of it on either side. My room was at one end of this passage, and Jacoby's at the other. The landlord having seen each of us into his room, bade us a cheerful good-night; and next moment I heard the creaking of the stairs as he went down into the lower parts of the house. I was about to close my door, when Jacoby called me from

gesture, month after month, waiting to greet him who would never cross the threshold more, but a little sob that burst irresistibly from my heart warned me not to give way, and recalled my thoughts to the imminent danger before me. Yes, I would sell my life dearly, if they did not shoot me down before I had time to make one effort for my deliverance. But, why did they not come? A deathlike silence reigned through the house; not a whisper, not a footfall; a silence and darkness as of the grave, intense and horrible, not long to be borne without madness. Was my bedroom door really fast? Had I, in my nervous haste, examined it sufficiently to be sure of the fact? I rose, and groped my way to the door, and examined it carefully again, assuring myself this time that it must really be secured on the other side. As I said before, there was a descent of two steps into the room; and as I moved my bare feet along these steps in my efforts to open the door, I slid one of them into a cold liquid pool of something which was trickling slowly into the room. I fell back as though I had been shot. I was but a boy, remember, and scarcely recovered from a long illness brought on by over-study; my nerves were still weak, and this last horror was more than I could bear. A sickness, as of death, crept over me; my senses left me; and I fell to the ground.

When I regained my consciousness the room was still quite dark; but the outline

More impressed than ever with the necessity for immediate action, I began, as soon as I had in some measure recovered from the effect of seeing the face in the glass, to cast about in my mind again for some means of effecting my escape. Picking up my knife from the floor where it had lain neglected for some hours past, I at once set to work to try to cut away one of the panels of the stout old door; but I broke my knife before I had been at work five minutes, and then gave up the attempt in despair. There was a dreadful fascination about that face in the glass which I found it impossible to resist, and standing on the chair, I again looked through the opening in the door, and returned my eyes slowly towards it, half expecting to find that it had disappeared. But it was still there, as grim, ghastly, and immovable as before. The pallid lips seemed

Be still, ye throbbing pulses! Grant me a moment's respite—give me time for one last prayer, ere sense and reason desert me altogether!

Louder and louder came the tramp of the horses: no demon steeds, those, but veritable animals of flesh and blood. A minute of terrible suspense, and then I heard a loud knocking at the front door, and the confused sound of several voices, all talking at once. The first knock dissipated all these weird cobweb fancies of an over-wrought brain, which had held me powerless but a moment before. I sprang to the window, flung open the casement, and cried aloud for help. I know not what I said, but next moment, as it seemed to me, I saw myself surrounded by half-a-dozen kindly faces, and felt that I was safe.

My rescuers proved to be a party of jovial farmers, returning from a distant fair. In a few brief sentences, I gave them an outline of my story—a story which received a ghastly confirmation when they entered the peddler's room. Both Jacoby and the treacherous landlord lay dead—the latter in a corner of the room, close to an overturned water-jug, with a bullet through his head; holding in one hand a long, sharp bow-knife, and a dark lantern in the other. Jacoby was in the bed, in a half-sitting posture, his head resting on his hand, his eyes closed.

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ed in one hand, the pistol with which, in the one last moment, he had been about to murder.

When we entered the room, the face of Jacoby was invisible—hidden from us by the loose, dirty curtain, which hung from the head of the bed; and which the wind, when it burst open the door, had lifted up, and swung tenderly over the dead man's face, as if in reverent pity at so sad a spectacle. The bed stood just behind the angle of the entrance into the room; and from the position of the body, the face, when uncovered, was fully reflected in the oval glass, which stood on the dressing-table, nearly opposite the foot of the bed.

A further examination revealed that both the pocket's box and pockets had been rifled of their contents. This, evidently, could not have been the work of the landlord; his career had been too short too soon for that, whatever his ultimate intentions might have been. The robbery was, therefore, set down as the work of the malevolent woman and the young savage, and steps were at once taken to procure their arrest; which desirable consummation was effected some three weeks later at Liverpool, as they were about to embark for Australia. Some of the property of the murdered man was found in their possession. The woman's version of the affair was as follows:—

She stated, that she was awakened sometime in the night by a loud cry of "Murder!" quickly followed by a pistol-shot, and a heavy fall. That being too frightened to get out of bed, she lay trembling and listening for more than an hour, after which she summoned sufficient courage to creep stealthily out of the house, and make her way to the loft over the stable, where the young savage slept; that there they had, after a time, ventured up-stairs, where they found both Jacoby and the landlord dead. This must have occurred while I lay insensible in the room. That, thereupon, they had loaded themselves with the property of the dead man, and absconded together. As there was no evidence to prove any complicity on their part in the murder, their version of the affair was taken as the correct one, and punishment meted out to them accordingly.

I may just say, in conclusion, that it was afterwards discovered by the police that the landlord of the lonely inn was a notorious forger of whom they had long been in search—a man originally of some education and breeding, but whose numerous misdeeds had at length made his ordinary haunts so hot for him, that he found it advisable to withdraw himself for a year or two from public notice, and bury his talents in the distant wilds of Cornwall.

THE TEST.

"Farewell awhile, my bonnie darling!
One long, close kiss, and I depart:
I hear the angry trumpet snoring,
The drum-beat tingles at my heart."

Behind him, softest flutes were breathing
Across the hills their sweet recall;
Before him burst the battle, seething
In flame beneath its thunder-pail.

All sights and sounds to stay invited;
The meadows tossed their foam of flowers;
The lingering Day beheld, delighted,
The dances of his amorous hours.

He paused: again the fond temptation
Assailed his heart, so firm before,
And tender dreams, of Love's creation,
Persuaded from the peaceful shore.

"But no!" he sternly cried: "I follow
The trumpet, not the shepherd's reed:
Let leaders plume in pastoral hollow,
—Be mine the sword, and mine the deed!"

"Farewell to love!" he murmured, sighing:
"Perchance I lose what most is dear:
But better there, struck down and dying,
Than be a man and wanton here!"

He went where battle's voice was loudest;
He pressed where danger nearest came;
His hand advanced, among the proudest,
Their banner through the lines of flame.

And there, when wearied carnage faltered,
He, foremost of the fallen, lay,
While Night looked down with brow unaltered,
And breathed the battle's dust away.

There lying, sore from wounds untended,
A vision crossed the starry gleam;
The girl he loved beside him bended,
And kissed him in his fever-dream.

"Oh, love!" she cried, "you fled, to find me;
I left with you the daisied vale;
I turned from fates that waited behind me,
To hear your trumpet's distant hail."

"Your tender vows, your peaceful kisses,
They scarce outlived the moment's breath:
But now we sleep immortal blisses
Of passion proved on brinks of Death!"

"No! this henceforward shall estrange her
Who has a heart more brave than fond;
For Love, forsook this side of danger,
Waits for the man who goes beyond!"

A dense growth of thrifty young
street trees is rapidly springing up all over
the once treeless prairies of Illinois. This
is owing to the fact that the land is now
kept from the annual fall burning formerly
practiced by the Indians.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLORENTINE,"
"LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SLOW STEPS.

The new life which began for Eleanor Monckton at Tolldale Priory seemed very strange to her. The prim respectability of the old mansion weighed heavily upon her spirits. The best part of her existence had been spent in a very free and easy and Bohemian manner; and her improved position was at first more strange than pleasant to her. The well-trained servants who waited upon her in respectful silence, acknowledging her as their mistress, and obsequiously eager to give her pleasure, were very different people to the familiar landladies of those lodgings in which she had lived with her father, or the good-natured shoemaker-landlord at the Pilasters.

At Haslewood she had been only a dependent; and those who served her had given her their service out of love for her brightness and beauty; rendering her little benefits with frank smiles and familiar greetings. But the mistress of Tolldale had a certain dignity to support; and new duties to learn in her new position.

At first those duties seemed very hard to the impulsive girl, who had a sort of instinctive contempt for all ceremonial usages and stereotyped observances. They seemed more especially hard, perhaps, because Gilbert Monckton expected his young wife to assume her new position as a thing of course, and was inclined to be very jealous of any omission that derogated from her dignity.

He was inclined to be jealous of his girl's inconstancy of thought and action, seeing in all this an evidence that she regretted the freedom of her girlhood. He was inclined to be jealous. That one sentence reveals the secret of a great deal of misery which this gentleman made for himself. He was inclined to be jealous of anything and everything, where his young wife was concerned.

It was thus that Gilbert Monckton began his married life. It was thus that, of his own doing, he set a breach between himself and the woman he idolized. And when the breach was made, and the dreary gulf of distrust and misapprehension stretched black and impassable between this weak man and that which he loved dearest in all the world, he could only cast himself down beside the yawning ravine and bemoan his desolation.

I have called Gilbert Monckton a weak man adversely. In all the ordinary business of life, and in all the extraordinary businesses that fell in his professional pathway, the lawyer's clearness of perception and power of intellect were unsurpassed by any of his contemporaries. Strong; stern; decided; unyielding, where his judgment was once formed; he was trusted as an oracle by those who had dealings with him. But in his love for his wife he was weaker and more irresolute than any desponding swain of five-and-twenty.

He had been deceived once by a woman whom he had loved as he now loved Eleanor; and he could not forget that early deception. The shadow that had fallen upon his life was not to be lifted off by any sunshine of trust and love. He had been deceived once, and he might be deceived again. The wrong which a woman's falsehood does to the man whom she betrays is a lasting and sometimes irrevocable wrong. The wound festers, deep down below the outer scar; and while sympathetic friends are rejoicing in the slow obliteration of that surface evidence of the past, the poison's corroding power still endures, gaining force by time.

The secret sorrow of Gilbert Monckton's youth had made him suspicious of all womanly truth and purity. He watched his wife, as it had been his habit to watch his ward, doubtfully and fearfully: even when he most admired her, regarding her in some wise as a capricious and irresponsible being, who might at any moment turn upon him and betray him.

He had fought against his love for his ward's beautiful companion. He had tried to shut his mind against all consciousness of her fascinations; he had endeavored not to believe in her. If she had stayed at Haslewood, that silent struggle might have gone on in the lawyer's breast for years; but her sudden departure had taken the grave man of forty off his guard; hurried away by an impulse, he had revealed the secret that had been so skillfully repressed, and, for the second time in his life, perilled his happiness upon the hazard of a woman's truth.

"What do I know of her more than I knew of Margaret Ravenshaw?" he thought, sometimes; "can I trust her because she looks full in my face, with eyes that are as clear as the sky above my head? There is generally some landmark by which a man's character can be understood, however practiced he may be in hypocrisy; but a woman—Bah! a woman's beauty defies a physiognomist. We trust and believe because we admire. 'She can't be wicked with such a Grecian nose,' we say. 'Those exquisitely-moulded lips cannot speak anything but the truth!'"

If Gilbert Monckton's young wife had seemed happy in her new home, he would

have suspected the fact, and would have trusted himself in the brightness of her gaiety. But she was not happy; he could clearly see that; and day and night he tortured himself with vain endeavors to find out the cause of her uncertain spirits, her fits of abstraction, her long pauses of thoughtful silence.

And while Mrs. Monckton's husband was nursing all these tortures, and every day widening the gulf of his own making, his wife, absorbed by her own secret purpose, was almost unconscious of all else in the world. If she saw the lawyer's face thoughtful or gloomy, she concluded that his moodiness arose from business anxieties with which she had no concern. If he sighed, she set down his melancholy to the same professional causes. A tiresome will-case, a troublesome chancery suit—something in those dusty offices had annoyed him; and that professional something had, of course, no concern for her.

Eleanor Monckton had taken upon herself an unusual office; she had assumed an abnormal duty; and her whole life fashioned itself to fit that unwomanly purpose. She abnegated the privileges, and left unperformed the duties of a wife—true to nothing except to that fatal promise made in the first madness of her grief for George Vane's death.

She had been more than a week at Tolldale Priory, and she had not advanced one step upon the road which she had so desperately determined to pursue. She had not yet seen Laurence Darrell.

Gilbert Monckton had spent the day after his return to Berkshire in riding about the neighborhood, calling upon those few people with whom he kept up any acquaintance, and informing them of his marriage with the young lady who, a few weeks before, had been the companion of his ward. Of course he received friendly congratulations and good wishes from every one to whom he imparted this intelligence; and of course when his back was turned, the same people who had tendered those good wishes set to work to wonder at his folly, and to prognosticate all manner of evil from his absurd and imprudent marriage.

His longest visit was paid to Haslewood, and here his tidings afforded real and un-mixed satisfaction. Laurence Darrell was at work in his painting-room, and was therefore out of the way of hearing the news. The widow was pleased to think that Eleanor's marriage would secure her son against the immediate danger of taking a penniless wife; and Laura was sincerely rejoiced at the idea of seeing her friend again.

"I may come to Tolldale soon, mayn't I, Mr. Monckton?" she asked. "Dear Nelly, I do so long to see her! But to think of her being married to you! I never was so surprised in my life. Why you must be old enough to be her father. It does seem so funny!"

Gilbert Monckton did not feel particularly grateful to his ward for the extreme candor of these remarks, but he invited the young lady to spend the following day with Eleanor.

"I shall be in town to-morrow," he said, "and I dare say Mrs. Monckton will find the Priory dull."

"Mrs. Monckton!" cried Laura; "oh, to be sure—why, that's Nelly, of course! Find the Priory dull? Yes, I should think she would, indeed! Poor Eleanor, in those damp, overgrown gardens, with the high walls all round, and the tops of the trees above the walls. How lonely she'll be."

"Lonely? I shall come home to dinner every day."

"Yes, at seven o'clock; and from breakfast time till seven poor Nelly must amuse herself in the best way she can. But I'm not going to grumble; I'm only too happy to think she will be near me."

Mr. Monckton stood by the garden-gate that gate near which he had so often lithered with Eleanor—listening with no very great satisfaction to his ward's frivolous prattle. His young wife would feel unhappy in the dullness of her new life, perhaps. If that were to be so, it would be proof positive that she did not love him. He could never have felt dull or lonely in her society, though Tolldale had been some grim and isolated habitation in the middle of an African desert.

"So you think she will be dull, Laura?" he said, rather despondently.

"Why of course she will," answered the young lady; "but now don't think me inquisitive, please," she added, in a very insinuating tone, "but I do so much want you to tell me something."

"You want me to tell you what?" asked the lawyer, rather sharply.

Laura linked her hand through his arm, and raising herself on tip-toe, so as to bring her rosy lips within easier reach of his ear, whispered, archly,

"Does she really love you? Was it really a love-match?"

Gilbert Monckton started as violently as if that infantine whisper had been the envenomed hiss of a snake.

"What do you mean, child?" he said, turning sharply upon his ward; "of course Eleanor and I married because we loved each other? Why else should we have married?"

"No, to be sure. Girls marry for money sometimes. I heard Mrs. Darrell say that one of the Penwoods, of Windsor, married a horrid, old, rich city man for the sake of his money. But I don't think Eleanor

would do that sort of thing. Oh, it seems so funny that she should have been in love with you all the time!"

"All what time?"

"Why, all the time she and I were together. How could she help talking of you, I wonder?"

The lawyer bit his lip.

"She never talked of me, then?" he said, with a feeble attempt to make his tone careless.

"Oh, yes, she spoke of you sometimes, of course; but not in that way."

"Not in what way? When will you learn to express yourself clearly, Miss Mason? Are you going to be a child all your life?"

Gilbert Monckton's ward looked up at him with a half comic look of terror. He was not accustomed to speak so sharply to her.

"Don't be angry, please," she said, "I know I don't always express myself clearly. I dare say it's because I used to get other girls to do my themes—they call exercises in composition then, you know—when I was at school. I mean that Eleanor didn't talk of you as if she was in love with you—not as I talk—not as I should talk of any one if I were in love with them," added the young lady, blushing very much as she corrected herself.

Miss Mason had only one idea of the outer evidences of the master-passion. A secret or unrequited affection which did not make itself known by copious quotations of Percy Shelley and Letitia London, was in her mind a very common-place affair.

Mr. Monckton shrugged his shoulders.

"Who set you up as a judge of how a woman should speak of a man she loves?" he said, sharply. "My wife has too much modesty to advertise her affection for any man. By-the-by, Miss Mason, would you like to come and live at Tolldale?"

Laura looked at her guardian with unmixed surprise.

"Come and live at Tolldale?" she said; "I thought you didn't like me; I thought you despised me because I'm so frivolous and childish."

"Despise you, Laura," cried Gilbert Monckton, "not like you! My poor, dear child, what a brute I must have been if I ever have given you such an impression as that. I am very fond of you, my dear," he added, gravely, laying his hand upon the girl's head as he spoke, and looking down at her with sorrowful tenderness. "I am very much attached to you, my poor, dear child. If I ever seem vexed with your girlish frivolity, it is only because I am anxious about your future. I am very, very anxious about your future."

"But why are you so anxious?"

"Because your mother was childish and light-headed like you, Laura, and her life was not a happy one."

"My poor mother. Ah, how I wish you would tell me about her."

Laura Mason looked very serious as she said this. Her hands were folded round the lawyer's arm, her bright blue eyes seemed to grow of a more sombre color as she looked earnestly upward to his grave face.

"Not now, my dear; some day, some day, perhaps, we'll talk about all that. But not now. You haven't answered my question, Laura. Would you like to live at Tolldale?"

The young lady blushed crimson and dropped her eyelids.

"I should dearly like to live with Eleanor," she said, "but—"

"But what?"

"I don't think it would be quite right to leave Mrs. Darrell, would it? The money you pay her is of great use to her, you know; I have heard her say she could scarcely get on without it, especially now that Laurence—now that Mr. Darrell has come home."

The blushes deepened as Laura Mason said this.

The lawyer watched those deepening blushes with considerable uneasiness. "She is in love with this dark-eyed young Apollo," he thought.

"You are very scrupulous about Mrs. Darrell and her convenience, Laura," he said, "I should have fancied you would have been delighted to live with your old friend and companion. You'll come to-morrow to spend the day with Eleanor, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes; if you please."

"I'll send the carriage for you, after it has taken me to Slough. Good-bye."

Mr. Monckton rode slowly homewards. His interview with Laura had not been altogether agreeable to him. The girl's surprise at his marriage with Eleanor had irritated and disturbed him. It seemed like a protest against the twenty years that divided his age from that of his young wife. There was something abnormal and exceptional in the marriage, it seemed, then; and the people who had congratulated him and wished him well, were so many bland and conventional hypocrites, who no doubt laughed in their sleeves at his folly.

The lawyer rode back to Tolldale Priory with a moody and overclouded brow.

"That girl is in love with Laurence Darrell," he thought. "She betrayed her secret in her childish transparency. The young man must be wonderfully attractive, since people fall in love with him in this manner. I don't like him; I don't believe in

him; I should not like Laura to be his wife."

Yet in the next moment Mr. Monckton reflected that, after all, a marriage between his ward and Laurence might not be altogether unadvisable. The young man was clever and gentlemanly. He came of a good stock, and had at least brilliant expectations. He might marry Laura and go to Italy, where he could devote a few years to the cultivation of his art.

"If the poor child is really very much in love with him, and he returns her affection, it would be cruel to come between them with any prudential tyranny," thought Mr. Monckton. "The young man seems really anxious to achieve success as an artist, and if he is to do so he ought certainly to study abroad."

The lawyer's mind dwelt upon this latter point throughout the remainder of his ride, and when he crossed the stone-arched bridge where the cavalier's boots and saddle hung in the mysterious colored light that stole through the embowered windows, he had almost come to the determination that Laura Mason and Laurence Darrell ought to be married forthwith. He found his wife sitting in one of the windows of the library, with her hands lying idle in her lap, and her eyes fixed upon the garden before her. She started as he entered the room, and looked up at him with a bright eagerness in her face.

"You have been to Haslewood?" she said.

"Yes, I have just come from there."

"And you have seen—"

She stopped suddenly. Laurence Darrell's name had risen to her lips, but she checked herself before uttering it, lest she should betray her eager interest in him. She had no fear of that interest being misconstrued; no idea of such a possibility had ever entered her head. She only feared that some chance look or word might betray her vehement hatred of the young man.

"You saw Laura—and—Mrs. Darrell, I suppose?" she said.

"Yes, I saw Laura and Mrs. Darrell," answered Gilbert Monckton, watching his wife's face. He had perceived the hesitation with which she had asked this question. He saw now that she was disappointed in his reply.

Eleanor was incapable of dissimulation, and her disappointment betrayed itself in her face. She had expected to hear something of Laurence Darrell, something which would have at least given her an excuse for questioning her husband about him.

"You did not see Mr. Darrell, then?" she said, after a pause, during which Mr. Monckton had placed himself opposite to her in the open window. The afternoon sunshine fell full upon Eleanor's face; lighting up every change of expression; revealing every varying shade of thought that betrayed itself unconsciously in a countenance whose mobility was one of its greatest charms.

"No, Mr. Darrell was in his painting-room—I did not see him."

There was a pause. Eleanor was silent, scarcely knowing how to fashion any question that might lead to her gaining some information about the man whose secrets she had set herself to unravel.

"Do you know, Eleanor," said the lawyer, after this pause, during which he had kept close watch upon his wife's face, "I think I have discovered a secret that concerns Laurence Darrell."

"A secret?"

Sudden blushes lit up Eleanor Monckton's cheeks like a flaming fire.

"A secret!" she repeated. "You have found out a secret?"

"Yes, I believe that my ward, Laura Mason, has fallen in love with the young man."

Eleanor's face changed. Her feverish eagerness gave place to a look of indifference.

"Is that all?" she said.

She had no very great belief in the intensity of Miss Mason's feelings. The girl's sentimental talk and demonstrative admiration had to her mind something spurious in its nature; Mrs. Monckton was ready to love Laura very dearly when the business of her life should be done, and she could have time to love anybody, but in the meantime she gave herself no uneasiness about Miss Mason's romantic passion for the young painter.

"Laura is as inconstant as the wind," she thought. "She will hate Laurence Darrell when I tell her how base he is."

But what was Eleanor's surprise when Mr. Monckton said, very quietly,

"If the girl is really attached to this young man, and he returns her affection—she is so pretty and fascinating, that I should think he could scarcely help being in love with her—I don't see why the match should not take place."

Eleanor looked up suddenly.

"Oh, no, no, no," she cried; "you would never let Laura marry Laurence Darrell."

"And why not, Mrs. Monckton?"

The insidious imp which the lawyer had made his bosom companion of late, at this moment transformed itself into a raging demon, and gnawed ravenously at the vitals of its master.

"Why shouldn't Laura marry Laurence Darrell?"

"Because you have a bad opinion of him. What did you say to me by the garden-gate at Haslewood, when Mr. Darrell first

came home? You said he was wicked, that he was a secret in his life?"

"I thought so then."

"And have you come to think so now?"

"I don't know. I may have been prejudiced against the young man," said Mrs. Monckton, hesitatingly.

"I don't think he is a good man," said Eleanor, "but I don't think he is a great one either. I pray don't let Laura marry him."

She clasped her hands in her prayer, as she looked up to her husband's face. Gilbert Monckton's brow darkened.

"What does it matter to you?" he asked. "Eleanor looked surprised at the almost angry expression of her husband's countenance."

"It matters a great deal to me," she said. "I should be very sorry if Laura were to make an unhappy marriage."

"But must her marriage with Laurence Darrell be necessarily unhappy?"

"Yes, because he is a bad man."

"What right have you to say that, unless you have some special reason for thinking so?"

"I have a special reason."

"What reason?"

"I cannot tell you now."

The ravens' demon's teeth grew sharper than usual when Eleanor said this.

"Mrs. Monckton," the lawyer said, solemnly, "I am afraid that there can be very little happiness in store for you and me, if you begin your married life by heaping scorn upon your husband."

Gilbert Monckton was too proud to say more than this. A dull despair was creeping into his breast, a sick loathing of himself and of his life. Every one of those twenty years which made him his young wife's senior rose up against him, and glared and twisted him.

What right had he to marry a young wife, and believe that she could love him? What justification could he find for his own folly in taking this girl from poverty and obscurity, and then expecting that she should feel any warmer sentiment than some feeble gratitude to him for having given her an advantageous bargain? He had given her a handsome house and attentive servants, carriages and horses, property and independence, in exchange for her bright youth and beauty, and he was angry with her because she did not love him.

Looking back at that interview in the Pilasters—every circumstance of which was very clear to him now, by the aid of a pair of spectacles lent him by the jealous demon his familiar—Mr. Monckton remembered that no confession of love had dropped from Eleanor's lips. She had consented to become his wife, nothing more. She had, no doubt—in those moments of maidenly hesitation, during which he had waited so breathlessly—deliberately weighed and carefully balanced the advantages that were to be won from the sacrifice demanded of her.

Of course the perpetual brooding upon such fancies as these very much tended to make Gilbert Monckton an agreeable and lively companion for an impulsive girl. There is something remarkable in the persistence with which the sufferer from that terrible disease called jealousy strives to aggravate the causes of his torture.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BY THE SUNDIAL.

Laura Mason came to live at Tolldale. Gilbert Monckton argued with himself that his most reasonable motive for marrying Eleanor Vane had lain in his desire to provide a secure home and suitable companionship for his ward. The girl was very glad to be with Eleanor; but a little sorry to leave Haslewood, now that Mr. Laurence Darrell's presence gave a new charm to the place.

"Not that he is very lively, you know, Nelly," Miss Mason remarked to her guardian's wife in the course of a long discussion of Mr. Darrell's merits. "He never seems happy. He's always roaming about the place, looking as if he had something upon his mind. It makes him look very handsome, though, you know; I don't think he'd look half so handsome if he hadn't anything on his mind. He was awfully dull and gloomy after you went away, Nelly; I'm sure he must have been in love with you. Mrs. Darrell says he wasn't; and that he admires another person; quite a different person. Do you think I'm the person, Eleanor dear?" asked the young lady, blushing and smiling, as she looked shyly up at her companion's grave face.

"I don't know, Laura; but I almost hope not, for I should be very sorry if you were to marry Laurence Darrell," Eleanor said.

"But why should you be sorry, Nelly?"

"Because I don't think he's a good man."

Miss Mason pouted her under lip and shrugged her shoulders, with the prettiest air of impatience.

"It's very unkind of you to say so, Nelly," she exclaimed. "I'm sure he's good! Or if he isn't good, I like him all the better for it," she added, with charming inconsistency. "I don't want to marry a good man, like my guardian, or Mr. Neale, the curate of Haslewood parish. The curate wasn't good; but see how fond Gulsara and Medora were of him. I don't suppose it was good of the Glausor to kill Haman; but who

JERUSALEM UNDERGROUND.

An account of Signor Pioretti's discovery in the subterranean topography of Jerusalem has been published. Employed by the Pasha as an engineer, he has discovered that the modern city of Jerusalem stands on several layers of ruined masonry, the rudiments of which, composed of deeply hewn and enormous stones, he attributes to the age of Solomon, the next to that of Zerubbabel, the next to that of Herod, the next to that of Justinian, and so on till the time of the Barbours and Crusaders. He has traced a series of conduits, and covered leading from the "domes of the rock," a passage standing on the site of the altar of sacrifice in the Temple, to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, by means of which the priests were enabled to flood the whole Temple area with water, and thus to carry off the blood and other sacrifices to the brook of Kedron. The manner of his explorations was very interesting.

He got an Arab to walk through these immense sewers, ringing a bell, and blowing a trumpet, while he himself, by following the sound, was able to trace the exact course they took. About two years ago, he accidentally discovered a fountain at the foot of Bethesda, and on his opening it a copious stream of water immediately began to flow, and has flowed ever since. No one knows from whence it comes or whither it goes. This caused the greatest excitement amongst the Jews, who flocked in crowds to drink and bathe themselves in it. They fancied it was one of the signs of the Messiah's coming, and portended the speedy restoration of their commonwealth. This fountain, which has a peculiar taste, like that of milk and water, is identified by Signor Pioretti with the fountain which Heskiah built and which is described by Josephus. The measurements and position of most of these remains accord exactly with the Jewish historians' descriptions.

It is better, in conversation with positive men, to turn off the subject in dispute with some merry conceit, than to keep up the contention to the discomfiture of his company.

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NOT ALCOHOL

[illegible]

Wit and Humor.

SOCIAL CATECHISM.

Question. What is the dirtiest creature you know?
 Answer. The American free lady.
 Q. What are your reasons for saying this?
 A. Her habits.
 Q. Explain yourself more fully.
 A. When she walks she drags behind her a receptacle for dust and dirt of every kind.
 Q. What is this called?
 A. A long dress or train.
 Q. What is its action?
 A. It sweeps the ground, collects mud, dust, cigar-ashes, straw, leaves and every other impurity.
 Q. What happens next?
 A. This accumulation runs off to a certain extent upon other portions of her dress, or upon the legs of any person who may walk beside her, and when she gets into her carriage the objectionable matter spoils the lining; besides that, the dust is most offensive.
 Q. Why does she wear such a ridiculous dress?
 A. For one of two reasons. Either because she aims at a servile imitation of certain great folks, or because she owes money to her milliner and dares not order any kind of dress except that which this tyrant sends home to her.
 Q. Why does she not raise or loop up her dress to keep it from the ground?
 A. Because, being a lazy person, she has thick ankles, or being a scraggy person, she has skinny ones, which her vanity forbids her to exhibit.
 Q. Is there any other reason?
 A. Yes; she has probably ugly feet, disfigured by corns or bunions caused by wearing tight boots.
 Q. Is there any cure for such habits?
 A. There is none until her husband has been nearly ruined by her extravagance, when she is compelled, by economical reasons, to dress like a rational being, and at once becomes clean and charming as the American female was intended to be.
 Q. What sensation is caused to man by the sight of these dresses?
 A. Contemptuous pity for the woman, and pity without contempt, for her unfortunate husband.
 Q. Does she know this?
 A. Yes, but as she dresses less to please men than to vex women, the knowledge has no effect upon her dirty habits.
 Q. Where can the animal be seen?
 A. In Chestnut street, in all the streets on Sunday afternoons, in Fairmount Park, and in most places where fine clothes can be successfully exhibited.
 Q. What lesson should you deduce from this?
 A. That of thankfulness to Providence that, if married at all, you are married to a sensible woman and not to a fine lady.
 Q. What will you take to drink?
 A. Anything you like to put a name to.

VERY SLOW.

Pickering is a very nervous little man, who fumes and fidgets about in a remarkably quick manner, and who holds in detestation anything that can possibly come under the head of a slow coach, and indulges in rather queer expressions when anything moves too slow for his views. He is blamed with a "mild of all work," who has caused him to utter more profane words during the past three months than three years in purgatory can atone for. One evening last week he dispatched the girl upon an errand to the neighboring store, and according to his ideas, she remained an unaccountably long time. He pulled out his watch, and looked a half-dozen times within ten minutes, whistled, drummed upon the table with his fingers, beat time with his feet upon the floor, and finally started up, and began pacing the room, as if his nervous agitation and impatience could in any degree accelerate the movements of the absent A. V. girl. But the girl came back at length, and her impatient master broke forth with—
 "For goodness sake, Maggie, where have you been?"
 "To the store, sir," was Maggie's reply.
 "Well," said her master, "it is about one hundred yards to the store, and you have been fifteen minutes in going and returning!"
 "Yes, sir," broke in the girl.
 "Now, Maggie," continued he, "take my advice, and when you die, remain quietly in your grave, and never make an attempt to get to heaven!"
 "And why not, sir?" queried the bewildered girl.
 "Because," said Pickering, "the sun is ninety six millions of miles from the earth, and heaven is beyond that, and if you ever make an attempt to get there, at the rate you move, eternity will come to an end before you reach your destination!"
 "You have only yourself to please," said a married friend to an old bachelor.
 "True," replied he, "but you cannot tell what a difficult task I find it."



DUST HO! THE LONG DRESS NUISANCE.

HOW TO RAISE SOLDIERS.—Mr. Artemus Ward, the American showman, has organized a company upon an entirely new plan, which he explains in the following:—"I am captain of the Baldwinville Company. I rise gradually but majestically from drummer's secretary to my present position. I determined to have my company composed exclusively of officers, everybody to rank as brigadier-general. As all our commanding officers there ain't no jealousy; and as we are all exceedingly smart, it 'aint worth while to try to out-strip each other. The idea of a company composed exclusively of commanders-in-chief originated in a poem, I akersely need say, in this brand. Considered as an idea, I flatter myself it's pretty hefty. We've got the tactics at our tongue's end, but what we particularly excel in is resistin' muskites. We can rest muskites with anybody. Our corpse will do its duty. We'll be chopt into easelogs most before we'll exhibit our coat-tails to the foe. We'll fight till there's nothin left to us but our little toes, and even they shall defiantly wriggle."

NOT BAD.—The citizens of a small city in Pennsylvania, being thrown into considerable excitement by reason of the report that the rebels under Lee were advancing upon them, held a meeting for the purpose of organizing themselves into a regiment. During the organization of the regiment, the question of arms, ammunition, &c., was being discussed, when an old gentleman, very much excited, and towering a head and shoulders above the crowd, exclaimed, in a stentorian voice:—"Are there not any cannons to defend the city?" Voice from the crowd:—"Yes, but they are not mounted." Old Gent:—"Why ain't they mounted?" Voice from the crowd:—"Because we have no carriages." Old Gent:—"Still louder and more excited"—"Then, where the d—l are the buggies?"

EVERYTHING EXPLAINED.

The following satire on "The Vestiges of Creation," occurs somewhere in Disraeli's "Tancred."
 After making herself very agreeable, Lady Constance took up a book which was at hand, and said, "Do you know this?" And Tancred, opening a volume which he had never seen, and then turning to its title-page, found it was "The Revelations of Chaco," a startling work just published, and of which a rumor had reached him.
 "No," he replied; "I have not seen it."
 "I will lend it you if you like; it is one of those books one must read. It explains everything, and is written in a very agreeable style."
 "To judge from the title, the subject is rather obscure," said Tancred.
 "No longer so," said Lady Constance. "It is treated scientifically; everything is explained by geology and astronomy, and in that way. It shows you exactly how a star is formed; nothing can be so pretty! A cluster of vapor—the cream of the milky way—a sort of celestial cheese—churned into light—you must read it, 'tis charming."
 "Nobody ever saw a star formed," said Tancred.
 "Perhaps not. You must read the 'Revelations'; it is all explained. But what is most interesting, is the way in which man has been 'developed.' You know, all is 'development.' The principle is perpetually going on. First, there was nothing, then there was something; then—I forget the next—I think there were shells, then fishes; then we came—let me see—did we come next? Never mind that; we came at last. And the next change there will be something very superior to us—something with wings. Ah! that's it; we were fishes, and

I believe we shall be crows. But you must read it."
 "I do not believe I ever was a fish," said Tancred.
 "Oh! but it is all proved; you must not argue on my rapid sketch; read the book. It is impossible to contradict anything in it. You understand it is all science; it is not like those books in which one says one thing and another the contrary, and both may be wrong. Everything is proved—by geology, you know. You see exactly how everything is made; how many worlds there have been; how long they lasted; what went before, what comes next. We are a link in the chain, as inferior animals were that preceded us; we in turn shall be inferior; all that will remain of us will be some relics in a new red sandstone. This is development."

THE TRUE SOLDIER'S EXAMPLE.

"I send you," wrote Nelson, "my plan of attack, but it is to place you perfectly at ease respecting my intentions, and to give full scope to your judgment for carrying them into effect. We can, my dear Coll, have no little jealousies. We have only one great object in view: that of annihilating our enemies and getting a glorious peace for our country." These words of a British Admiral, almost sixty years ago, might have been said, ought to be felt, by every Federal General. But hear the rest. Collingwood, before the battle of Trafalgar, had come on board the "Victory" to hold a final conference.
 "Coll," said Nelson, "where is your captain?"
 "The fact is," answered Collingwood, "we are not on good terms with each other."
 "Tears!" exclaimed Nelson; "not on good terms with each other! I'll soon arrange that."
 Accordingly a boat was dispatched to the "Royal Sovereign," and the captain was brought on board the "Victory." As soon as he reached the deck, Nelson led him to Collingwood.
 "Look," said Nelson, "yonder is the enemy!"
 "Yes," they both replied.
 "Well," he added, "shake hands like Englishmen."
 Need we say those two men had no enemies that day but France and Spain? This is a lesson needed by Americans at this hour.

EFFECTS OF FRUIT ON DISEASE.

A writer on growing fruit in Kansas, and its healthfulness as a proportion of our food, says:—"Never shall I forget the impression made upon my mind at a very early period of my life, by the directions given by my mother by the family physician as she sat weeping over the cradle in which I had lain for a number of days in a hopeless condition. Now, said he, don't you give that boy one drop of cold water, and you had better keep these strawberries out of his sight. In a few hours my brothers and sisters returned from the meadow with a pall overflowing with the delicious fruit, and supposing me too far gone to observe anything in the room, the berries were left near my cradle. I soon opened my eyes upon the tempting delicacy, and in a few unobserved moments filled my parched mouth several times with the cooling beverage, for they were really like water on my dry and parched tongue. In a few hours I broke out in a fine perspiration. My tongue, which had been rattling on my teeth, became moist, and when the doctor came he said my fever had turned—the calomel had produced its desired effect, and I should probably get well."

Agricultural.

WASH FOR TREES.

A thorough cleansing of the bark of the trunks and larger limbs of the trees is of great advantage, especially where they have been neglected for a number of years. Sometimes a kind of scraping or rasping is necessary to remove the moss, as described by a correspondent recently, but a good scrubbing with a brush and soft-soap is generally sufficient and better. The Working Farmer makes the following remarks on this subject:—

The old style of whitewashing is not fair treatment, for although its immediate effects may be beneficial, the interstices of the bark become filled in a degree with the insoluble carbonate of lime, and this interferes materially with the after-functions of growth, lessening the endowment and crowning actions, and the bark soon becomes again as badly in condition as before.

Tree washes should be soluble, so that they will eventually be removed by rains; thus oil soap, if free from rosin, may be used with advantage. Potash should never be used, as it frequently injures the cleaner and more delicate portions of the bark, and it changes so readily to a carbonate, as to be washed off before it decomposes the ova and cocoons of insects, lichens, mosses, etc., and it will not remove the scale insects from the surface of pear trees, unless used at so great a strength as to injure the surface of the bark itself.

The soda tree wash we have so frequently recommended is preferable to all others, and may be thus prepared:—Heat sal soda red hot in an iron vessel; to do this the vessel should be imbedded in, not over, a hard coal fire; this will drive off the water and carbonic acid which it contains, rendering the soda caustic. One pound of this caustic soda, added to one gallon of water, may be applied to the trunks and larger branches of trees without injuring them. It will remove the scale insects from the bark of dwarf pear trees. Applying the wash one day, rub such as have this insect upon them the next day, with a woolen cloth, and the barks will be perfectly clear. This wash may be applied to all trees with a mop or brush, and if again applied at mid-summer to the larger portions, trunk, etc., the trees will be materially benefited. Where a portion only of the trunk of a plum tree is cleaned by this wash, it will increase in diameter more than the parts above and below the washed portions. This wash is worth all its costs as manure; it necessarily will find its way to the soil by the action of rains, dew, &c.

HOW TAR IS MADE.

Tar is derived principally from the pine forests of the Southern states, and since the breaking out of the rebellion has doubled and tripled in price. The question has been asked how it is made. Mr. Solon Robinson, who has travelled much in the South, and who doubtless speaks from actual observation, says:

"The process is very simple. Tar-producing pine wood is cut and set up just as it is for making charcoal, in a conical pile, about the size of a low, round-top haystack, of two tons, covered with fine straw, or leaves, or with old hay or straw, or reversed grass-soda, over which earth to the depth of a foot is placed and well beaten down. The pile is fired and burned just as it would be for charcoal, and will make coal and tar by the same process; that is, by a slow combustion, with only just air enough to keep the fire alive. In building the pile,

a well-hole is left in the center, into which burning brands are thrown, and the hole filled with small, dry wood, which is allowed to kindle and is then covered over, the combustion and ignition of the pile being kept up by means of vent-holes on the sides. The spot selected for the pile should be upon a hill-side, and all the loose earth removed, so as to have a hard, smooth bottom, with a descent of one foot in ten, or greater, with a channel on the lower side to convey the tar into a trough, leading it direct to the barrels. Practice alone can regulate the proper degree of heat at the right time to produce the greatest result, and at the best the result is not such as would satisfy a Yankee farmer of any enterprise, at any but a time like the present when the natural course of trade is interrupted, and the price of tar much higher than usual."

Another mode of making tar, to be practiced on every farm where are pine trees, is the following:—
 Procure some good fat pine and cut it in small pieces; fill a large kettle that will contain at least fifteen gallons, with the pine you have prepared; then turn your kettle bottom upwards on a large stone; place sods around it, leaving a small opening on the lower side for the tar to run out; place a dish under the stone to catch it. All things made ready, build a good fire upon the top of the kettle to try out the pitch, and if your wood is good you will have from four to six quarts of good tar.

MEDICINE TO HORSES.—"I consider the usual method of giving medicine to horses by drenching, as it is called, highly objectionable. In this process the horse's head is raised and held up, a bottle introduced into his mouth, his tongue pulled out, and the liquid poured down. In his struggle some of the medicine is quite likely to be drawn into his wind-pipe and lungs, and inflammation and fatal results sometimes follow. A better way is to mix the medicine with meal, or rye bran; make it into balls, pull out the horse's tongue and place a ball as far back in his mouth as possible, then release his tongue; he will almost certainly swallow the ball. Or, the dose may be mixed with meal and honey, or any other substance that will form a kind of jelly, placed upon a small wooden blade made of a shingle, and thrust into the back part of his mouth, when he will very easily swallow it."—Patent Office Agricultural Report.

SALT NOT A PRESERVATIVE OF POSTS.—A correspondent of the Rural New-Yorker gives his experience as follows:—

Thirty-eight years ago I selected thirty chestnut posts of equal size. Half of the number I bored with an inch auger just at the top of the ground, slopingly, eight inches deep, filled them with salt, and plugged them up. The first post set was salted, next not salted, and so until all were set. The result was the posts all failed alike, proving to me salting was lost labor.

Useful Receipts.

INDIAN BREAD.—Here is a good recipe. Scald one quart of Indian meal and sponge it with hop yeast. Next morning add two teaspoonfuls of molasses, one teaspoonful of saleratus, and a little salt. Harden with wheat flour, not making too stiff. Bake nearly an hour in a slow oven.

NEW YEAR'S CAKE.—Three-fourths pound of butter; one pound of sugar; three pounds of flour; half pint of water; one teaspoonful of soda; two of cream of tartar; and caraway seeds to your taste. Roll them out and cut in diamonds, stamping them with any pattern you choose. They are excellent, and will keep fresh a long time.—Rural New Yorker.

FOR THE RATA.—Mahlou Guenn, of Morris County, N. J., writes to the American Agriculturist that, after fifty years of ineffectual contest with the rats of his barn, he has finally expelled them by sprinkling fresh slacked lime around the silos, and wherever the rats were likely to get their feet into it. They don't like it, and quit the premises. Mr. G. pronounces this a certain remedy. Several other correspondents recommend chloride of lime for the same purpose. Some say it burns their feet, and others that the rats don't like the odor of the chloride gas.

NEGRO CAKES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
 The following receipts have been procured from one of the women who make these famous Philadelphia cakes:—

COCOA-NUT NEGRO CAKE.—Grate on a coarse grater one cocoa-nut. Boil one quart of molasses until it begins to thicken and approach the candy state. Then put in the grated nut, and stir it well a few minutes. Take it off the fire, and with a spoon on paper make it up into little balls as we see. When cold they will adhere.

NEGRO GROUND-NUT CAKE.—Roast and shell one pint of ground-nuts. Take one pound of good brown sugar, melt it in two quarts of water; let it boil hard, long enough to approach the candy or taffy state; when quite in this state, throw in the ground-nuts, stir it well and take it off the fire. Now, with a spoon spread it in cakes, thinly, on white paper to dry. When cold they are hard.

The Riddler.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
 I am composed of 15 letters.
 My 1st, 5, 8, 9, 17, 8, is an unfortunate character in the Bible.
 My 1st, 18, 19, 9, is an East Indian coin.
 My 1st, 8, 9, 12, 11, 10, 5, is the foundation of all rocks.
 My 11, 14, 2, 7, 11, 2, 12, is the motto of one of the princes of Europe.
 My 1st, 8, 1, 2, 5, 5, is the hero of the 18th century.
 My 4, 14, 18, is a permanently elastic uniform.
 My whole is the pride of every school.
 Elizabeth, N. J.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
 My 1st is in snow, but not in rain.
 My 2nd is in money, but not in gain.
 My 3rd is in sorrow, but not in pain.
 My 4th is in rise, but not in fall.
 My 5th is in round, but not in ball.
 My 6th is in sound, but not in call.
 My 7th is in haste, but not in slow.
 My 8th is in come, but not in go.
 My 9th is in great, but not in low.
 My 10th is in hat, but not in boot.
 My 11th is in hand, but not in foot.
 My 12th is in leaves, but not in root.
 My whole, the name of a brave man,
 Guess it, readers, ye who can.
 Marshalltown, Iowa. L. G. LIND.

CHARADE.

Four letters form me quite complete,
 As all who breathe do show;
 Reversed, you'll find I am the seat
 Of infamy and woe.
 Transposed, you'll see I'm base and mean,
 Again of Jewish race;
 Transposed once more, I oft am seen
 To hide a lovely face. A. C. W.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
 Suppose the earth to be a perfect sphere of water, 8,000 miles in diameter, and two ships, A and B, set out at the same time from the opposite extremities of a diameter, and describe two great circles inclined to each other at an angle of 60 degrees; A sailing at the rate of 40 miles a day, and B sailing at the rate of 50 miles a day. In how many days will they be 7,000 miles apart?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.
 An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
 A gentleman purchased two square fields for \$825, and found that if he added the number of dollars it cost per acre to the number of acres, the sum would be 108.25. How many acres did he buy? what was the length or width of each field, providing that the sum of either their length or breadth is 100 rods?
 Mount Carroll, Ill. ANDROS.

An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

Never take a nap in a railroad carriage.
 "Cause why? Ans.—The train always runs over sleepers.
 Why is a married flirt like a wheel?
 Ans.—Because she goes round with the felloes as well as with the hub.
 When is a window like a star? Ans.—When it's a sky-light.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

ENIGMA.—Your last year's recipe for tomato catsup is alone worth the price of the Post. CHARADE.—Maryland. (Ma—Rye—Land.) RIDDLE.—A strong cup of tea. ANAGRAMS ON FLOWERS.—Blue-bottle, Veronica, Lilac, Boreas, Dahlia, Chrysanthemum, Hedyotis, Heartsease, St. James' Volunteer, Sweet William, Polyanthus, Fox-glove, Laurel, Tulp, Lavender, Eglantine.

Answer to PROBLEM by B. Barto, published June 6th.—Hourly speed of A, 4 miles; of B, 5 miles; of stage-wagon, 6 miles; and of drove, 3 miles; the distance between C and D is 170 miles.—Uncle William, Mercer Co., Ill.; Francis W. Hubbard, Belmont Co., Ohio; "Invalid," Philadelphia; E. Hagerty, Baltimore, and B. Barto.

Answer to A. Martin's GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM, published June 6th.—14,272,225 inches.—E. Hagerty, F. W. Hubbard, and A. Martin.

Answer to PROBLEM by Battery H, 1st Vermont Artillery, published June 6th.—57,099 feet.—Reuben Barto, A. Martin, E. Hagerty, Francis W. Hubbard, R. Vasey, Jr., Morgan Co., Ill., and "Invalid," Philadelphia.

ED. RIDDLER SAT. EVE. POST:—

Dear Sir:—I am not in possession of the answers about which Mr. Hart inquires. I have not succeeded in solving those PROBLEMS, and I proposed them in your paper in the hope that they might fall under the notice of some mathematician able to investigate them satisfactorily. I shall consider them as possible of solution until they are proven to be impossible. Respectfully yours.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pennsylvania.